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GERMANY—*Continued*

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(*Continued on page iii of cover*)

The Bystander

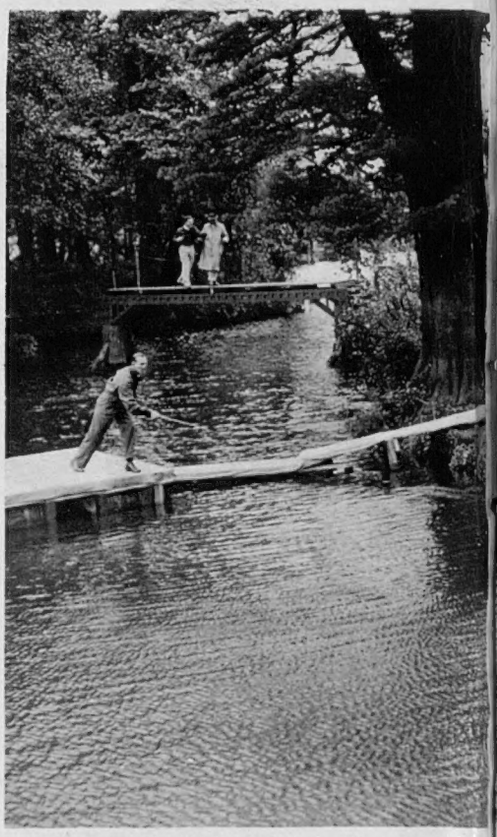
Anthony

Gladys Cooper as the Lady Olivia

Gladys Cooper and her husband, Philip Merivale, have been over here for about a year, and they plan to return to America after their engagements at the Open Air Theatre. It was a notable *Twelfth Night* that featured there last week, with these two polished players as Duke and Countess; nor was it Gladys Cooper's first Shakespeare part, for she appeared with Merivale in *Othello* and *Macbeth* in New York. Last night the Open Air Theatre went back two thousand years, from Shakespeare to Aristophanes' anti-war comedy, *Lysistrata*, with Gladys Cooper in the name part and Merivale as Kynesias. His two children from a former marriage, Jack and Rosamund, have been acting in Regent's Park with their father and stepmother

On the Water—A Solent Sunbeam in Dull Weather

Dotting the eastern end of the Solent with triangles of white, five classes of yachts competed in the Bembridge Sailing Club regatta last week. Here is Verony in the Solent Sunbeam class coming alongside the Committee boat, while her crew, Miss June Bell and Mr. H. Bell, pick their racing instructions off a long bamboo. Their race, which they didn't win, gave them somewhere around three hours' sailing in a light south-west wind



Over the Water—the Delicate

Capt. W. G. Greenaway's tense concentration of those ringed floats: he was competing Ranelagh where the British Casting broke a record in another event, the inches was immediately overthrown by another

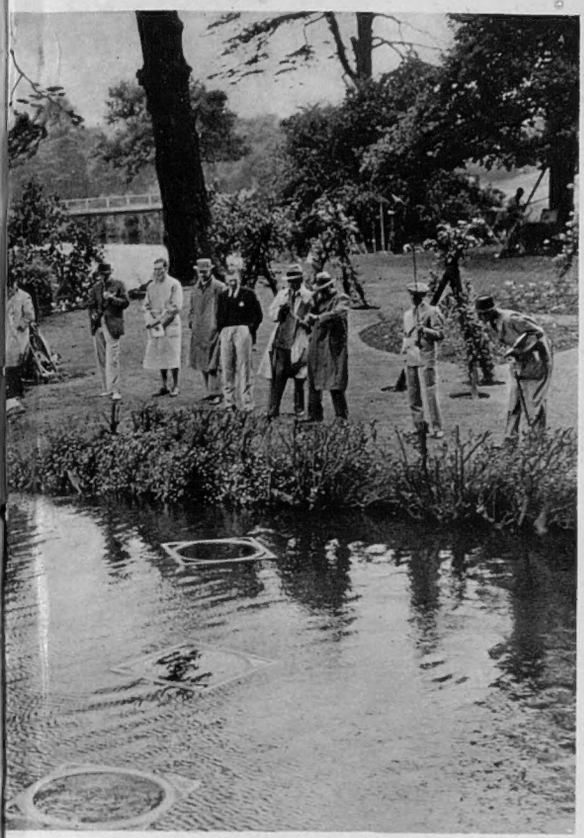
Under the Open Sky

Daphnis and Chloe in Chelsea

Irina Baronova came on from Covent Garden to dance with Igor Schwezoff a "Daphnis and Chloe" pas de deux which he arranged to Ravel's music for a party given by Freda Lady Forres. They danced in the lighted garden of her Chelsea Square house, were photographed rehearsing in the afternoon

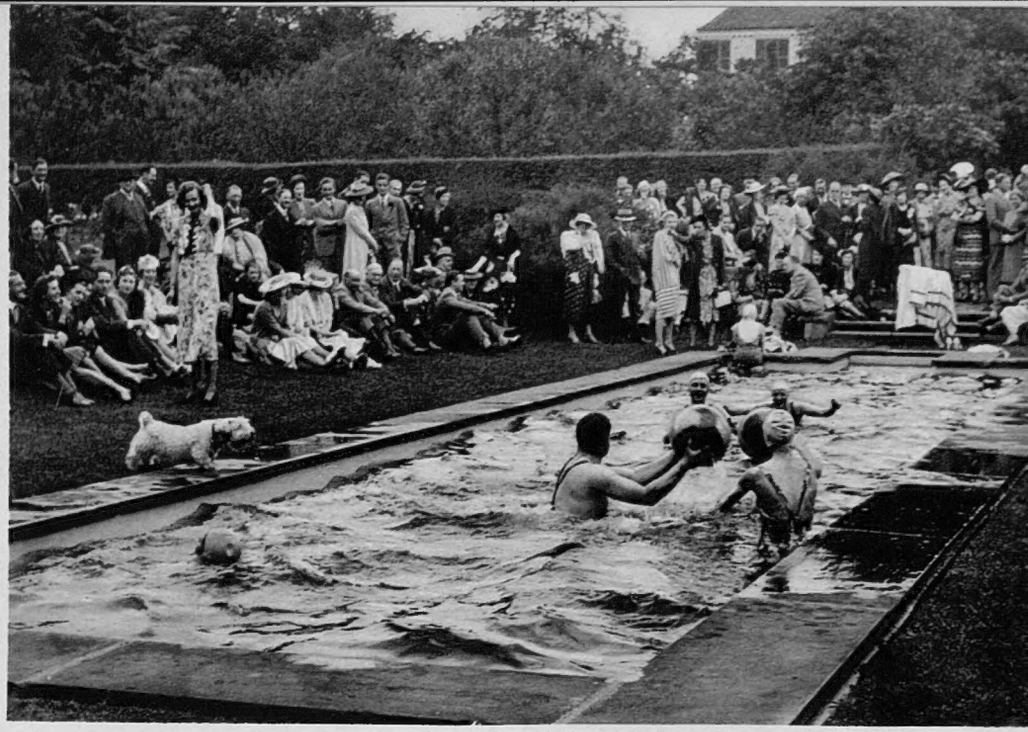
The Spirit of Chivalry in Hampstead, Where the

J. B. Priestley led the Authors into their gallantly lost cricket match with are Jane Baxter, Nora Swinburne, Ursula Jeans keeping wicket, batsman on the right is Beatrice Lillie, who is reported, when the Authors fielded every ball she could reach." A. G. Macdonell, a member of the p. 88. Gate-money went to the Sherborne Nursery School and the



Marksmanship of Trout Fishing

was aimed at an imaginary trout below one in the amateur trout-fly accuracy event at Association held their annual tournament. He amateur float distance, but his 47 yards 7½ long-line wizard who made a cast of over 49 yards



In the Water—Playing Ball

The garden-party which Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget give every July at Ibstock Place, Roehampton, centres round the bathing-pool where Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies turn mermaiden for an admiring audience. This year one brave man kept them company

Above are two of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies nimbly skipping off to bathe in the Ibstock Place pool

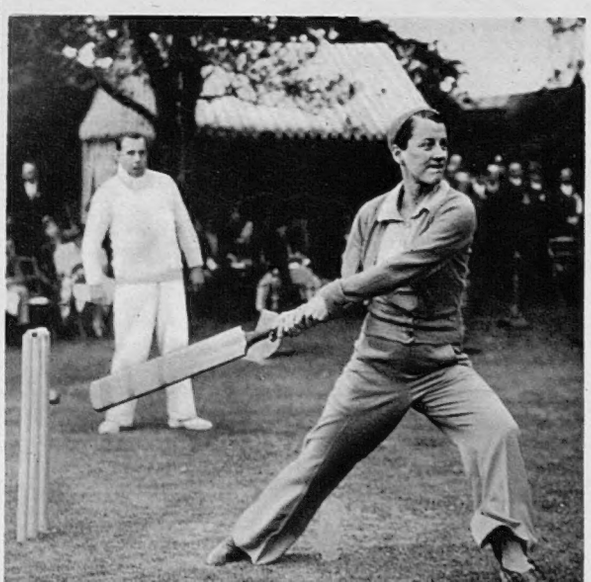
From Paris comes the snapshot on the right—of Lady Fiona Abney-Hastings, Lady Loudoun's daughter, and her cousin, Sybil Greenish. They are "finishing" together in Paris and were sun-bathing by the Molitor swimming-pool at Auteuil. Lady Fiona's two elder sisters appear further on (pp. 102-3)

Sub-Debutantes' Half-Holiday

And below are three dry-bob guests of Major and Mrs. Paget—Phyllis Stanley, who is in the Cochran show, "Happy Returns," and Peggy and Barbara Hamilton

Actresses Beat the Authors

the Actresses, of whom these four fielders and Ellen Pollock. The superbly stylish were batting, to have "sat on the turf and Authors' XI., writes on the match on St. Pancras House Improvement Society



Ballet Talk of Cinderella and Australia

Michel Fokine, Mme. Fokine, and Victor Dandré might have talked over their drinks of Fokine's new ballet, "Cendrillon" (first performance at Covent Garden last night), or of the Russian company's tour in Australia, just announced for next winter. M. Dandré is the chairman of the company at Covent Garden, and was Pavlova's husband. They were photographed at a reception given for Fokine and Baron d'Erlanger, composer of the "Cendrillon" music

American Nanki-Poo

And what would Gilbert and Sullivan have said to an American star playing Nanki-Poo? Whatever they'd say, Kenny Baker has come over to do it — in the colour-film of "The Mikado" being made at Pinewood, with Geoffrey Toye producing and Victor Schertzinger directing

Authors to the Wicket

Hugh Walpole and Lord Dunsany set off, armed with the most delightful small bats, to do battle with the bowling and fielding of an Actresses' XI., against whom an Authors' XI. played cricket for charity on Sir Robert Waley Cohen's ground last week. *More pictures of this stirring event are on p. 85*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE text of the Government's Plan for Spain has now been published, and a complicated business it is. Zero hour—that is to say, the date of it coming into force—is the acceptance of the scheme by both sides in Spain. From that moment, the machinery for counting the volunteers and withdrawing them is set in motion. On zero plus forty-five days, the evacuation camps will have been established (if all goes well) near four Spanish ports. On zero plus fifty, the first foreigners leave for home. On zero plus a hundred, the last foreigner leaves for home.

At least two thousand combatants will have to be withdrawn each day to keep the time-table moving according to plan, and in addition there are special arrangements for proportional withdrawal if the counting commission reports that there is a larger number of volunteers on one side than on the other.

THE Plan also lays down that no Government shall allow propagandists to leave for Spain; that the establishment of air-observation over all Spanish land and sea frontiers should be agreed in principle; thirdly, that the non-intervention Governments agree that no ship flying their flags shall carry prohibited goods to Spain from any part of the world; and lastly the watch on the frontiers is to continue.

When all this has been agreed to, and ten thousand combatants have been withdrawn from the side found to have the fewer number of volunteers, both sides will be granted belligerent rights.

IT is a gallant effort to solve a problem which ought never to have been allowed to arise. Whether it will work is another matter. The fundamental trouble about it is that it is merely a piece of machinery devised to cure a psychological malady. All the time that this Plan has been worked out, Signor Mussolini has been declaring that at all costs General Franco must win. He has staked his prestige upon it. It is, therefore, quite out of the question for him to allow the British Government's Plan to work until he is completely certain that Franco can win without the Italian volunteers. Not all the ingenious plans in the world can alter this basic point. The whole thin fabric of Anglo-Italian relations, Mediterranean goodwill, and Mr. Chamberlain's personal position now depend entirely on Franco's capacity to win before the winter brings its inevitable halt in the fighting. The next move is painfully obvious. As zero hour cannot be brought into existence until both sides have accepted the Plan, all Franco has to do is to refuse to accept it until Italian-aided victory is in sight. Then he can accept it and the Italians can go home.

NOR has Mr. Chamberlain's situation or the chances of the Plan been helped by Signor Mussolini's loudly-shouted boasts of the work of the Italian airmen in Spain during the last three months. He detailed the tonnage of bombs that have been dropped, and the hours flown, and the casualties among the Italian flyers. This work of destruction was all done while the negotiations were in progress.

IN the meantime, General Franco obviously appreciates the situation as clearly as anyone else, and he is pushing steadily down towards Valencia. Troops are being moved from Madrid to resist the Rebel advances, but the weight of artillery and air-bombing is overwhelming against positions that have been hastily improvised among the orange groves. A Franco victory before November will put Franco on the European map. But if he fails to pull it off, he may find his position in the scrolls of fame less certain.

THE *News Chronicle* has thrown a very awkward cat into the pigeon-loft with the publication of the text of the secret German lecture on European strategy. This lecture, it is alleged, was delivered a few days ago to a meeting of Nazi leaders by a highly placed officer. He laid particular stress on the neutralisation of Gibraltar by the German batteries in Spain and Africa, and on the ultimate coercion of Portugal into the acceptance of an anti-British angle. It is lucky that we have the assurance of so many politicians in this country that neither Italy nor Germany has the faintest designs upon the Spanish peninsula after the Civil War is over. Otherwise we might be feeling uneasy.

THE new outbreak of terrorism in Palestine has, by an odd coincidence, come at a moment that is very opportune for the Italian Government. Rome is desperately anxious for the Anglo-Italian Pact to be ratified as soon as possible.

(*Concluded on page 88*)

Youth Mans the Sky

It is not the money for the machines but the men that has been the worrying factor in re-arming the British heavens, for a very high standard of physical and mental fitness is demanded by the controls of a 300-m.p.h. fighter, and many would-be pilots have to be reluctantly turned down. Now, at last, the personnel is rolling in and there even appear to be too many pilots for the aeroplanes above. Actually the men are practising quick moving in flying kit. The pictures were taken at the Flying Training School, Peterborough, one of eleven such establishments which will help to spend the £23,000,000 just added to Air Estimates

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 86)

and it is a great bit of luck for them that the eastern end of the Mediterranean should have flared up in anti-British disturbances at exactly the right moment. Strangely enough, the last outbreak of terrorism in Palestine coincided with the Italian efforts to wreck the results of the Nyon anti-piracy Conference. All those of us who believe, with Mr. Chamberlain, implicitly in the good faith of the Italian Government repudiate with scorn the suggestion that there is anything else but a coincidence in these two parallel events.

FINANCIAL affairs are difficult enough for a layman to follow without having the additional confusion of expert advice. The other day, the great tin-plate makers, Messrs. Richard Thomas, of Ebbw Vale, were forced to call in outside help in the financing of their new works. A new board of directors was formed, headed by Mr. Montagu Norman, and including the chairman of two other steel companies. A highbrow Socialist weekly hailed this as the capture of Richard Thomas by trade rivals. A high-brow capitalist weekly described it as a remarkable example of good fellowship and co-operation in the heavy industries. Take your choice. I don't mind which it is. You are bound to be wrong anyway.

MR. JOHN NORTH has rung the bell and had his penny returned by begging Mr. Lloyd George, in the *Daily Telegraph*, to admit in his Memoirs just a tiny, occasional error of judgment. The history of the World War is being written by two classes of historian. On the one side there are the politicians and generals who never made a single mistake all through, and on the other there are gentlemen like Mr. John North himself who have kept out of cloud cuckoo-land and stuck rigidly to the facts.

JAPAN has renounced its title to hold the Olympic Games in Tokyo in 1940. The reason given is that the War Office does not wish a dissipation of Japanese energies. The Chinese war is quite enough in the meantime. Actually, it is much more likely that the abandonment of the Games is a face-saving device to avoid holding an Olympiad to which only Afghanistan and perhaps Tibet added their athletes to the totalitarian sportsmen. Probably Finland will now get the refusal of the 1940 Games.

A MOST spirited cricket-match took place on behalf of a St. Pancras housing-scheme the other day. One side was a team of actresses, captained by Miss Beatrice Lillie, and Mr. J. B. Priestley led ten authors against them. Miss Jane Baxter, in entrancing pale-blue shorts, caught several catches and all eyes, and Miss Nora Swinburne was devastating in pale green. Miss Joyce Barbour scored heavily, and on each of the five occasions when she hit her wicket, the chivalrous authors shouted "No ball." For the authors, Lord Dunsany, in an M.C.C. scarf, batted for a long time, and Sir Hugh Walpole played some pretty strokes. The ladies won by six runs amid tumultuous applause.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY, in the intervals between playing cricket against actresses, seems to be tolerably busy with play-writing. Last year he had three plays running simultaneously, and it looks as if he is going to do it again. Next month *Music at Night* is to be presented at the Malvern Festival, and Mr. Basil Dean is to produce for him *Wedding Group*, which is described as a Yorkshire comedy, and *Johnson Over Jordan*. Let us hope that Mr. Priestley succeeds in restoring some badly-wanted prosperity and prestige to the London theatre.

THE Hollywood slump of a year ago is now reaching the West End, in that there are very few new films available. The result is the revival of some old favourites. *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (Hitchcock at his best), *A Farewell to Arms*, and *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. are well worth seeing again.

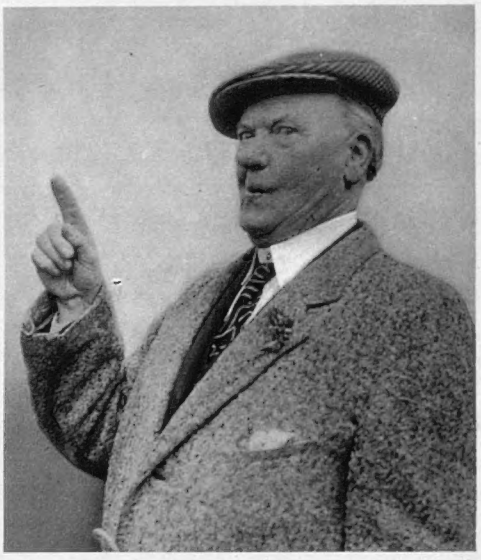
BAD reports are trickling south from the grouse-moors of Scotland. It appears that an animal called the tick is playing old Harry with the birds, and already it is announced that several famous moors are not being shot over this year for the simple reason that it is not worth while. There are no birds that have not been, so to speak, ticked off.

FERGUSON'S GANG has been galvanised into activity, after some months of silence, by the appearance of a rival gang, the Black Atropine Sisterhood. The Sisterhood having begun to muscle-in upon Ferguson's territory, the latter has polished up his tommy-guns and his "pineapples," and is out and around once more. Both these gangs concentrate upon raising money anonymously for the benefit of the National Trust, and would be regarded with some surprise in Cook County, Illinois, where Messrs. Capone, O'Bannion, Torrio, "Legs" Diamond, "Bugs" Moran, and the Genaro brothers used to operate in the palmy days when intoxication was abolished in America by the stroke of a pen.

THE historic Gentlemen and Players match at Lord's came into its own this year. Too often in the past it has been overshadowed by Test matches, but this year it recovered its ancient glory in comparison to the footling nonsense of the other games.

"Loretta Young," "Marlene Dietrich," "Greta Garbo" and "Joan Crawford"

"ZaSu Pitts" and "Bing Crosby"



"W. C. Fields"

Ten of Hollywood's film-star doubles arrived here last week to go into the new Palladium show. Most of their likenesses are startlingly good, judging by the snapshots taken when they landed at Plymouth. Margaret Bryson is Loretta Young, Carole Dietrich is Marlene Dietrich, her sister Betty is Garbo, Sylvia La Marr Joan Crawford. Ezelle Poule and Earl Haddon are ZaSu Pitts and Bing Crosby, and James May doubles W. C. Fields

Rosalind and Robert : Christine and Andrew

The sensibly-drest girl and man are on their way to Denham's Stage 5, where they will shortly become Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Manson, of *The Citadel*. M.-G.-M.-British are filming Dr. Cronin's best-seller, and they have a strong personnel on the job, in addition to Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat as the central characters: Victor Saville produces, King Vidor directs, Ralph Richardson, Rex Harrison and Emlyn Williams are in supporting roles. The two stars look, and are, well pleased with each other and with their parts; Donat is back at work after a long fight against asthma; Miss Russell has been over here two months, has rented a farmhouse near Denham, whence she cycles to the studios

Social Register

Left: Don Ferdinando d'Ardia Caracciolo dei Prince di Cursi and Mary Purcell-FitzGerald were married at the Brompton Oratory. He is the son of Don Francesco Prince di Cursi, Duke di Grottaglie, and she is the daughter of G. Purcell-FitzGerald, of The Island, Waterford, and Mabel Lady Lushington

Below: Anthony John Warburton Flower was christened last week at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the second son of Viscount and Viscountess Ashbrook. Lord Ashbrook succeeded in 1936; Lady Ashbrook was Elizabeth Egerton-Warburton before her 1934 marriage

Don Ferdinando d'Ardia Caracciolo and Miss Mary Purcell-FitzGerald

At the Drury Lane First-Night

There was a big and very socialite audience at Drury Lane for the first night of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo season. Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight (top picture) were there, and so were Mr. Frederick Ashton, the Vic-Wells choregrapher and dancer, and Lady Rose Paget, also a Vic-Wells dancer

The Hon. Sherman Stonor and Miss Jeanne Stourton

Another Brompton Oratory wedding last week was that of the Hon. Sherman Stonor, only son of Lord and Lady Camoys, and Jeanne Stourton, daughter of the late Major Herbert Stourton and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, of 19, Pond Place, S.W.3

Lord and Lady Ashbrook and Their Son

Right: Thomas William Dupree and Anne Chilton were married at Brompton Parish Church, with a reception at the Earl and Countess of Granville's Melbury Road house. He is the son of the late Sir William Dupree and Marion Lady Dupree, and she is the daughter of Sir Henry Chilton, former British Ambassador to Spain, and Lady Chilton

Mr. Thomas Dupree and Miss Anne Chilton

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 80

Lord Aberdare

LORD ABERDARE, perhaps better known even now to the sporting public as the Hon. C. N. Bruce, is possibly the greatest ball-player of all time. You have only to look at his record to realise this. He was twice Amateur Champion at rackets. Nine times Doubles Champion. He was American Doubles Champion twice. And twice Singles Champion of Canada. In 1931 he was Open Champion of the British Isles. He won the Amateur Championship of the United States at royal tennis. He has also been British Champion of this, his favourite sport. He represented Great Britain sixteen times in the Bathurst Cup, and as a cricketer the crowds at the Oval will always remember the innings he played for Middlesex. To-day, though he will be fifty-four in a few days' time, there isn't a white hair in his head. He has the very black hair of the Highlander, with black eyebrows and black moustache and bright blue eyes. He looks, and is, amazingly fit, ascribing this largely to his daily dozen and walking. He gave up squash-rackets when he was twenty-two years old. He found it too exhausting after a hard day's work. He has two sons and two daughters. The two boys are both at Winchester, and have been carrying on the family tradition by winning the House Rackets Cup for the last three years. Lord Aberdare has a house in Lowndes Square conveniently close to Princes' and Queen's. After being educated at Winchester and New College he studied for the Bar. Then war broke out and he joined the 2nd Life Guards, transferring later to the 2nd Battalion of the Guards Machine Gun Regiment.

IT was five generations back that a forbear of his settled in Wales, having come from Scotland. This explains the Scottish surname of Bruce and the Welsh title of Aberdare of Duffryn. Fortunately for him, part of the property, once farmland, turned out to have a perfectly good coal-mine underneath. But in addition to his coal-mine interests, he is associated with insurance and also with the promotion of new business enterprises. Primarily, however, his main interest in life now is the "Keep Fit" campaign. For he became chairman of the National Advisory Council on Physical Training and Recreation. Nor does he regard this job as a sinecure. His study in Lowndes Square is littered with correspondence, which he attends to personally.

THE choice could not have been better. His connection with voluntary movements in the world of athletics is further instanced by the fact that he was a member of the International Olympic Committee and treasurer of the Federation of Boy Scouts. What's more, Lord Aberdare believes in getting things done. He talks and writes tersely and forcibly. And that was how he used to bat for his county and the Gentlemen. I shall never forget the match at Lord's in 1919, between Middlesex and Lancashire, when he made 149. For sustained dash I have never seen anything like it. It included a century of fours. It is with the same drive that he is tackling the problem of the physically unfit. Already half a million of the money devoted by the Government to the "Keep Fit" campaign has been allocated, and another million and a half will have been spent in the next two years.

Nor does Lord Aberdare's affection for ball-games stop him from taking an interest in other forms of sport. He is exceedingly keen on the encouragement of cycling and the erection of cyclists' hostels all over the country. He is also paying keen attention to the encouragement of rowing and swimming.

Charles Graves

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

Filling the title-role : Mara Losseff

"Maritza" (Palace)

WHEN we go to a musical play we can generally get a pretty good idea of the sort of thing we are about to see by examining the list of musical numbers at the end of the programme. In the case of *Maritza*, at the Palace, this list may arouse some apprehension. The first number, for example, is entitled "Fortune's a Fickle Jade," which would no doubt have been charming if written in the eighteenth century, but in the twentieth may be less charming than alarming. The second number is entitled "Vienna So Gay," which might have been bright in the reign of King Edward VII., but in the reign of King George VI. promises to be less bright than trite. And before Act I. is over we are to hear "When I Hear the Gipsy Music," and "Play, Gipsy." Will there be passionate violinists in the open air? Will the chorus-girls sway languorously from side to side? And will they subsequently dance with vigour in red boots? They will. They do. What has been done before is good enough for *Maritza*.

THE lovers in this unsurprising story are Maritza, the countess, and Bela Torok, her steward. That Bela is really of baronial birth Maritza hasn't a notion. He has accepted the post only because he has temporarily lost his estates and because he does so love his sister and want her to have plenty of money. This leads to trouble, for he is always kissing and hugging his sister—so much so that Maritza cannot be blamed for failing to guess that they are related, with the result that if she is not dismissing him in one act, he is resigning in the next.

Sometimes, when Maritza commands him to sing, he just won't, which leads to more trouble still. But Maritza, when at her most heartbroken, cries, "Wine! Music! Lights! I want to be gay!", so there is a cabaret, and she comes on looking far from her best in a bold dress which so disgusts the steward that he tells her what he thinks of her.

IN the last act there is to be a Harvest Festival, but the peasants are wretched, for with the steward again on the point of departure, who will lead the rites? It looks as though an annual pleasure is to be completely ruined, when Maritza herself appears in traditional costume to take over the reins. Although the audience is not exactly staggered, everybody on the stage jumps about with delight. Which delight is intensified when the steward, coming to say good-bye to Maritza for the last time, takes her in his arms instead.

WHAT time the orchestra plays the sort of music that is customarily composed for this sort of story, and the company sings it in the sort of way we have heard it sung before. Mara Losseff as Maritza has a voice but is not consistently intelligible. John Garrick as the steward is duly manly. Shaun Glenville seems rather like a pantomime dame out of petticoats. But Douglas Byng livens things up every time he appears and has one brilliant number as a tsigane violiniste. For which we are ever so grateful.

Very brotherly and sisterly : Patricia Leonard and John Garrick

Sketches by Rouson

The comics : Shaun Glenville and Douglas Byng

Harrow : Parents and Son

The Earl of Bradford and his son, Viscount Newport, are Old Harrovians. The family routine includes Trinity, Cambridge. Lady Bradford belongs to a Winchester family ; her brother, Lord Aberdare, ("Celebrity in Cameo," page 91) and his two sons are Wykehamists

Eton : Mother and Daughters

Here are the Duchess of Devonshire and her daughters, Lady Anne and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, on their way in for the first day of the match. The Devonshire coach at Lord's is a focus for Etonians past and present, headed by the Duke and his sons, Lord Hartington and Lord Andrew Cavendish

Eton : Mother and Son

The Hon. Oliver Becketi arrived arm-in-arm with his mother, Lady Grimthorpe, in one of the fine intervals. He was at Eton like his father and elder brother, and he has a younger brother, Brian, there now

"Cool and Showery" : Eton and Harrow at Lord's

Married in June

Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Pat Bradshaw were back from their honeymoon after their mid-June wedding in time for Lord's. Mrs. Bradshaw is Lord and Lady Cadman's younger daughter

Engaged Couple

Miss Brenda Green looked optimistically on the weather when she decided what to wear on the Saturday. She is with her fiancé, Mr. Raymond Shackleton, the late Sir Ernest Shackleton's elder son. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Green

Frances Day Was There

Miss Day on the other hand took Friday as a coat-and-skirt day, and meteorologically was quite right. She is with Captain Ronnie Warlow

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"These sou'westers are just the things for these nor'easters. . ."

RATHER pusillanimously, we thought, one of the organisers of the Fitness Campaign stated, or rather mumbled, publicly a few days ago that the movement is not compulsory. Which seems to show the boys and girls have perhaps heard of the counter-movement of defiance which has long been secretly preparing. The English are a dumb and patient race, but when they do rise for a crusade—as in the Pilgrimage of Grace, or the No-Hat Campaign of the 1900's—somebody 's going to be sorry. The fixed belief that a legion of great red-faced hearties and Fitness Girls with enormous muscles and little tiny heads, like gourds, was contemplating some kind of funny near-Nazi business with the populace, with Governmental assistance, was pretty widespread, and reception would have been warm, especially as it was obvious that if anything of that kind were on the tapis, they 'd start as usual on the under-nourished poor. We can tell you now that those protests wealthy Mrs. What 's-her-name organises when chaps are hanged, with loud wireless vans in procession playing "Abide with Me" and whatnot, would be a dying mouse's last squeak in comparison. However, that weight has now lifted from the public's mind.

Speaking of which, the Association of British Amateur Weightlifters have declared that they haven't a single representative on the Fitness Council. Whether the statement was made in pride, anguish, or icy hauteur we couldn't gather, but we did hear that what the weightlifting boys jibbed at was the prospect of being asked by the Council to lift and carry heavy Fitness Girls about. Whatever the truth is, we 're told the girls now have to make their own arrangements for this. Several contracting firms are competing for their custom, and a big beauty-culture corporation concern has written in suggesting that some of the elder girls who want to be lifted might just as well start with their faces.

Viand

HAVING dined off horse-meat once or twice (and so have you, sweethearts, most likely, if you only knew it), we can never understand the old-maidish shudder with which the Englishman of every social grade speaks of this food, which the Spanish Government in Barcelona has just averred to be as healthy as any other meat. Is it just snobbery? Masses of the French know no other meat than horse and come by no harm. Anyway, horseflesh will be a highly-prized delicacy in this country in the next war, when thousands of us will be living on weeds and grass, if we 're lucky, as an agriculturist recently remarked, quite seriously. On that day there will be a rush to marry livery-stable and riding-school proprietors, and even the more hideous celibate Fellows of the Zoological Society, who will have a varied menu at their disposal for some time. A member of the Society told us recently that their plans to this end are already scheduled. The Fellows will begin on dormice (cooked in syrup, in the old Roman fashion) and work steadily up to the elephants, which will be fricasseed. For the fish course their chef will raid the Aquarium, beginning with the larger turtles and the Conger Eel and working gradually down to those infinitesimal, transparent, darting tropic fish about half an inch long, whose name we forget. You may be glad to have an F.Z.S. in the family before long. Oh, *yes*, you may.

Gone Away

THE Oldest Hunt Secretary in England died the other day, having followed hounds every season for seventy-eight years—which, if our trigonometry does not fail us, means that old Mr. Loveridge of the Albrighton started hunting in the year 1860. He was thus, so to speak, in the apostolic succession to Surtees' Mr. Sponge, that rusty-booted buffer, who undoubtedly died in his gamboge tops in or about that year. Many changes have come over the English countryside since then, and Mr. Loveridge saw them all. Rural obsequiousness has vanished with acres of green fields. Oil has given way to gas, gas to electricity, the quiet country-town general store to Woolworth's. Rustic femininity has acquired lipstick, film-consciousness, boldness and art-silk legwear, fences have acquired more and more wire, farmers are more and more crusty and insolvent, high roads and turnpikes roar and stink with lethal traffic, the countryside is defiled with advertisements and mean speculative building. Hunts are smaller and much more expensive, and hacking home has become dangerous. The hard man to hounds hasn't altered much in seventy-eight years, nor his leathery mate, but the younger hunting-woman certainly has. Old Mr. Loveridge should have been able to tell us the exact moment when "bastard" and "bloody" became part of her normal speech as well, the rose-lipped sweetheart. (Even that dashing theatrical trollop, Lucy Glitters, Mr. Sponge's inamorata, never used men's language, in the field or out of it.) One wonders whether old Mr. Loveridge was conscious of all this. A Hunt Secretary's time is pretty occupied, of course. He may have looked up one day in, say, 1920, and found to his surprise that railway engines no longer had tall smokestacks and that rurals had left off bobbing.

It wasn't a bad way of seeing the passing of a pleasanter England (for some people). A much worse way, an aged man told us a couple of years ago, was to live in politics and Society and to realise the slow decline of manners, morals, and ideals of every kind. His

"Oh well—all right—if you really want to know!"

grandfather had said the same thing circa 1840, but whereas his grandfather spoke with the ritual peevishness of eld, our friend spoke more or less truth.

Big Medicine

CAPTAIN O. P. JONES, of Imperial Airways, used to wear a Captain Kettle beard, which, a psychologist was remarking last week, was useful in the early days of aviation because it gave passengers confidence. Deeming his beard by now to have done all that can be expected of it in the matter of nerving the air traveller, Captain Jones has shaved it off. In our view, Sir John Reith's first job as new chief of I.A. should be to supply the Captain with an emergency false beard on a wire frame for bad weather and jittery passengers. This would not only give the faint-hearts confidence, but at the end of the flight would provide actual fun, Captain Jones whipping it deftly off and revealing laughingly how he had fooled 'em. As with beards, so with funnels. Liner companies which formerly stuck four huge funnels on every new ship—two of them generally dummies—to inspire confidence, now seem to think one is enough. It's generally a pretty big one, we grant you, but it does not quite fill the gap; and when the captain of such a ship asks you along for a cocktail in his cabin you generally find that he has no beard, either. We personally make a point, after this discomforting dual discovery, of sleeping in our lifebelt on the boat-deck, ready for the call.

Incidentally, the modern Fleet Street custom, derived from the American films, of wearing big green eyeshades and shirt-sleeves, the expression very fierce, the voice clipped and snarling, and the top waistcoat pockets crammed with pens, pencils, and cheap cigars, has been grievously misunderstood. The boys don't go to all this trouble to inspire confidence in the populace, but in themselves.

Salt

COWES WEEK, in which we hope to be involved once more, may not be so brilliant as in years when Royalty is present, but it will, yachtsmen tell us, be more energetic. The vogue among British sportsmen of the drug benzedrine, of which we informed you some time ago, has spread to the yachting world, and especially among the owners of small craft, and to the dilated pupils of every addict a 10-ton yawl will look the size of a P. and O. liner. So at Cowes this year you will probably hear chaps bawling down the tiny companion-way ordering the crew, a man and a boy, to assemble at once in the Renaissance Lounge on Deck E. Aboard the big yachts there will, of course, be pandemonium, each benzedrine-soaked owner believing he is steering the Queen Mary through the Newfoundland fog-banks. Meanwhile our own skipper, who never touches drugs, will probably have tied up his tiny humble boat as usual to the moorings of some yachtsman of intense wealth and power, and the usual odious trouble will be intensified this year by this wealthy, furious person's believing himself to be Sir Francis Drake, High Admiral of England, setting out for the Indies.

There are people who call Cowes Week dull and see no fun in straining their binoculars after invisible yachts performing on distant horizons enigmatic manœuvres of incalculable length and boredom, but we guess they 've never taken Cowes in the right spirit, or the right kind of boat. The sacred R.Y.S. Lawns at times are like some mediæval tapestry landscape full of fabulous shapes. The effect of the yachting-cap on a certain familiar type of face, again, is utterly faëry and electrifying.

Publore

DIPPING a critical nozzle into a new-published manual called *What 's Yours ?* by a Mr. T. E. B. Clarke, which purports to be the Student's Guide to Publand, we detected no very grave or disgusting errors. The author is concerned chiefly with the urban pub, its rites and ceremonies, though he adds a brief but capable survey of the Tourist's Publand, carefully noting and defining the territory governed by the chief brewing barons (*E.g.*, "An alternative route traversing the Weald leads inland from the Mackeson Coast to the Kenward and Court country round Hadlow, then runs through County Kelsey and the Ware Ward, both surrounding Tunbridge Wells, to Horsham.") all over the country. We should have liked a more detailed treatment of this important subject, with a map. There is a place we know in the Tamplin country, in Sussex, where—whether so established by treaty or force—a Henty and Constable enclave, flaunting in insolence and pride, seems to mock and stagger good sense, reason, and justice alike. The locals have a legend that this strip of land was the dowry of a lovely Tamplin who was carried off by a Henty or a Constable in the bad old days. One certainly breathes a different air on entering it.

A map of Brewers' England (and who else owns it ?) might show more than one startling anomaly of this kind. Those dreary fusspots who are always mewing about the rights of foreign minorities, but never their own, might look into this question. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"Can you stand a shock, Professor? It's just an old cabbage white!"

Films of the Day

History Beats Fantasy Once More

By George Campbell

THERE is a story that just before Sam Goldwyn packed Maeterlinck back to Europe with a kindly "Don't worry, Maurice, you 'll make good yet"—it was during this eventful month, they say, that Sam was seen rushing around the studio frenziedly tearing his hair. "For weeks I pay him to write a story, and now he writes a story, and what sort of a story is it?" The question was purely rhetorical. The great man supplied his own shattering answer. "The hero is a *bee*!"

I wonder what Mr. Goldwyn would have said then if you had told him that some day someone would make a film in which the principal characters were germs? In *Yellow Jack* there are plenty of humans, and very finely two or three of them act; but the villain of the piece is the germ of yellow fever, aided and abetted by a mosquito (described by one enthusiastic scientist as "a handsome black-and-silver"), named the stegomyia. The hunt for the criminal, the doctors' desperate quest of proof, the final gamble of volunteers' lives, with the fate of whole lands and populations hanging on the result, is a romance of detection more thrilling than any murder-mystery ever filmed.

"YELLOW JACK" is based on a play by Sidney Howard which has had a great vogue on Broadway. Mr. Howard is, of course, the distinguished author of *The Silver Cord*, *They Knew What They Wanted*, and the stage version of *Dodsworth*. *Yellow Jack*, perhaps his most powerful play, has been softened a little for the wider film-public, but it remains a proof of the vital importance of giving a film not merely a plot, which any hack with a card-index or a good memory can do, but a theme—in this case the willingness of high-minded men to work and endure unimaginable horror, and if necessary die, for the sake of truth. This was also the theme of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* and *The Story of Emile Zola*. It can hardly be a coincidence that all three have been magnificent entertainment, and, incidentally, made a lot of money.

Yellow Jack is set in Cuba forty years ago, when the Americans were just discovering that it was one thing to beat the Spaniards, and quite another thing to beat an unseen enemy which struck down thousands, despite all the precautions that frantic doctors could devise. Some thought bananas caused it, despite the fact that Yellow Jack attacked total abstainers from that fruit. Some believed it was carried by the Gulf Stream, which would hardly account for the deadliness of the disease in Brazil and West Africa. There was no theory too absurd for credence—and this despite the fact that a Dr. Finlay, twenty years before, had not merely decided that the fever was carried by mosquitoes, but actually named the species, the stegomyia. Unfortunately, his discovery was ridiculed; when he lectured to scientists his remarks aroused such roars of laughter that he had to leave the platform. One can only sigh for the persistence of the breed that stoned Galileo and proved conclusively that the world is flat.

MR. HOWARD picks up the story at the moment when Dr. Reed, in charge of the American Mission, had his inspiration. There was only one theory that could account for the disease striking at so many people in so many different conditions: that was Finlay's mosquito theory. There was only one way to test it: that was by actual experiment. He made an appeal for volunteers, answered, reluctantly but heroically, by five young men. To three Dr. Reed assigns the dreadful ordeal of living in a room full of the odour of death, of wearing dead men's clothes and sleeping in dead men's beds. If the contact theory is correct, he warns them, they will die horribly.

Two others he puts in a clean hut in which nothing can infect them but mosquitoes. Life for one lot will probably mean death for their comrades. The men's suspense as they waited and watched for symptoms must have been terrific, and something of it is communicated to the audience, until at last the yell of "Ambulance!" from the clean hut comes as a blessed relief. Even so, the worst test of all is still to come—the deliberate release of scores of infected mosquitoes inside one of the volunteers' bed-curtains. The moment when he removes the lid of the jar and a high-pitched humming fills the air is positively shuddersome.

All this sounds grim. It is, but there is plenty of comedy relief, and the whole thing is so exciting that it would be a thousand pities if you missed it. The acting, like the adaptation, is rather patchy, ranging from the absolutely authentic performances of Lewis Stone, Stanley Ridges (a brilliant newcomer) and Charles Coburn as the doctors, to the rather commonplace romance of the pretty nurse (Virginia Bruce) and the young Sergeant (Robert Montgomery), and the hackneyed humour of Andy Devine and Buddy Ebsen.

LET me also recommend a brilliant Soviet thriller, *The Thirteen*. It tells, without any propaganda, how a small patrol of soldiers were surrounded by rebels in Siberia and held out to the last man. Full of action, sound characterisation and rough humour, it is the best film that has come out of Russia for years.

***"Yellow Jack,"** at the Empire last week, was a film of strength and integrity about the yellow fever epidemic in Cuba last century, but it was weakened by concessions to box-office. Lewis Stone, far left, has been made an honorary Spanish-American War Veteran for his excellent portrayal of a doctor; Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce (love interest), Andy Devine and Buddy Ebsen (comics, above) were the b.-o. concessions. Mr. Campbell reviews "Yellow Jack" here*

Fritz Henle

Luise Rainer in Her Hollywood Home

Everyone knows that Luise Rainer is Viennese, that she started acting with no stage experience at Düsseldorf, became a Reinhardt star, and one day, playing *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, was seen by one talent scout in search of a film-star. Now she is a settled Hollywooder. She has made six films there. She has twice won the Motion Picture Academy's gold statuette (these are locally known as Oscars), for her performances in *The Good Earth* and *The Great Ziegfeld*. She married one of America's brightest playwrights and scenarists, Clifford *(Golden Boy)* Odets. She is now divorcing him. While her flawless portrayal of the giddy Creole in French New Orleans is showing at the Empire in *Frou-Frou*, she is making her seventh film in Hollywood with Fernand Gravey. Her modern house there overflows with lovely things and lovely books

Yevonde

Compton Mackenzie : a Jacobite Apologist for the House of Windsor

The third instalment of Compton Mackenzie's "The Windsor Tapestry" appeared in the *Dispatch* on Sunday; the book will be published next week. This apologia for the Duke and the House of Windsor has brought down a dust-storm about the author's ears. The *Sunday Pictorial* bought the serial rights, then publicly declined to print, the editor himself penning a three-page denunciation in short paragraphs and displaying a photograph of his firm's cheque to Mackenzie (£5000) for the benefit of his subscribers who only look at the pictures. "The Windsor Tapestry" will doubtless give offence to many loyal royalists, for much of the Guelph dirty linen since George I. is turned over for an airing; but not much more so than in "The Four Georges." Compton Mackenzie, meanwhile, ensconced in his Outer Hebrides home with his gramophones and his Siamese cats, renews his work on "The Four Winds of Love." The West Wind is expected in the autumn, the North in the following spring. His wife, Faith Mackenzie, has just followed up her successful autobiography with a book of short stories, "The Angle of Error"

Peter Rose-Pulham

Christian Bérard in His Paris Flat

Bearded " Baby " Bérard is probably just now the best-known, most fashionable designer of decor, theatrical and interior, in Western Europe. His recent and brilliant work for ballet (Massine's *Symphonie Fantastique* and Beethoven Seventh Symphony) already shows its influence on young artists who imitate his columns and vaguely floating clouds. He also set and dressed *Cotillon* for Balanchine, re-dressed *Les Elfes* for Fokine. Jean Cocteau's *La Machine Infernale* and several other Paris plays have had his decors. The Paris Odéon foyer, the Argentine restaurant in the Exposition last year, fashion pictures in *Vogue* are other activities of his. Parisian hostesses, when they can afford it, have a Bérard room or rooms, and, when they can achieve an acceptance, his company as guest. He is elusive but good-natured, plump, superlatively witty. More seriously, he leads to-day the neo-romantic movement which used Picasso's " blue period " as jumping-off point. He was born in 1902, the son of an eminent architect, studied with Vuillard, has exhibited since 1925 his mysterious and romantic pictures, painted with astonishing grace and ease in rich, brilliant colours. He was photographed among the stripes and jockeys in his new Paris flat

The Seventh Symphony

Dancers in Massine's Ballet at Drury Lane

Third Movement—the Sky: *Michel Panaieff and Nina Tarakanova as dancers of the Ether*

Third Movement—the Sky: *Alicia Markova and Igor Youskevitch as the Gods*

Second Movement—the Earth: *Nini Theilade as one of the Women*

First Movement—the Creation: *Frederick Franklin as the Spirit of Creation*

First Movement—the Creation: *Casimir Kokitch as the Sun*

Massine has chosen a vast theme for his ballet to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony: no less than the creation of the world in the first movement, and its destruction by fire in the fourth. Between these cosmic first and last days come the two movements devoted to the Earth and the Sky which have been generally judged the best of the four: the second for the beauty and inventiveness of its grouping and weaving patterns, the third for the fresh sky-ey poetry of its dancing. Markova, in the third movement particularly, is exquisite in her smooth delicacy and lightness. Of the men Franklin and Youskevitch are outstanding. Bérard's setting and dresses, so rich and clear in colouring and design, could not be bettered, and contribute enormously to the dramatic strength and beauty of the choregraphic panorama

First Movement—the Creation: *R. T. Irwin as the Serpent, Jeanette Lauret and Eugène Gabay as the Woman and the Man*

Photographs by Anthony

Fourth Movement—the Destruction: *the Final Tableau*

Lady Barbara Abney-Hastings

Debutante Sisters

Lady Barbara and Lady Jean Abney-Hastings are the eldest of the five daughters of Major Reginald Huddleston Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun. Barbara was nineteen on July 3rd, Jean will be eighteen in October. They came back from a Munich finishing school in the spring, to spend their first London season with their aunt, Mrs. F. T. Greenish. She gave a joint-dance in June with Mrs. Maitland

Lady Jean Abney-Hastings

Addison and Mrs. G. F. Gretton, for her nieces and co-debutantes Patience Addison and Jane Gretton. The Dowager Duchess of Norfolk presented the two sisters at a May Court. Soon they'll be back with their parents at Loudoun Castle in Ayrshire, for the shooting, reel-dancing, racing round of the Scottish season. They have one brother, Lord Mauchline, who comes of age in March next year

The Countess of Loudoun's Daughters

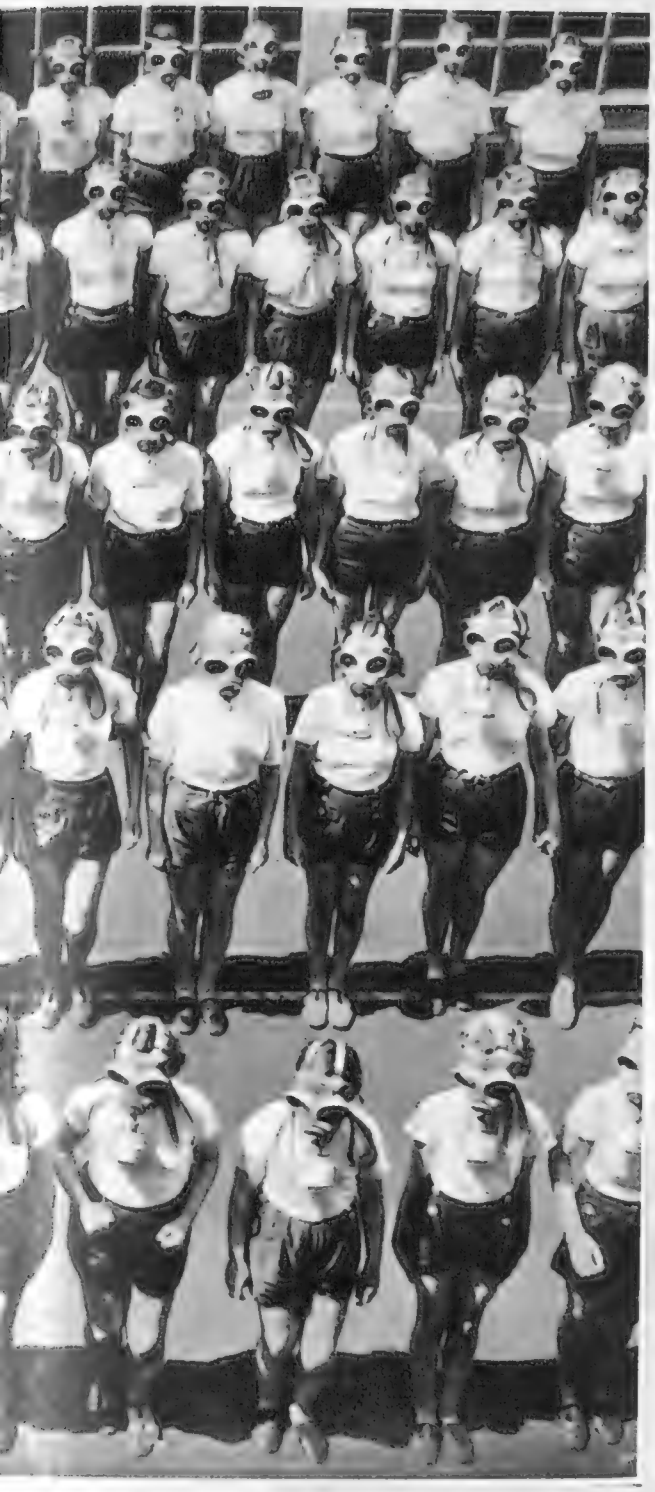
Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

The Falcons of Prague

The gymnastic festival of the Sokols, which was held recently in Prague, occurs every six years. This year it coincided with the twentieth birthday of the Republic which makes a democratic filling to the Central European autocratic sandwich: Czechoslovakia. The Sokol (Falcon) movement, which claims one in ten Czechoslovakians, was founded in 1861 at a moment of Slav ebullition. Its creed is physical and mental fitness, complete equality within the movement, resistance to foreign interference. With Roman Catholicism it provides the strongest unifying forces in the Republic. Sokol ideals and organisations have spread to Slav people outside Czechoslovakia and have made ground in Yugoslavia particularly. Prague was en fête for the Sokol festival, which was held in the enlarged Masaryk Stadium and included callisthenics, dances and mass games. Gas-mask drill is a new feature

The youth and beauty of Czechoslovakia puts on a gas-mask as nonchalantly as lipstick. According to Dr. Jan Hiller's foreign Press report, "some parts of exercise were vividly applauded by the public"

On the left is a rehearsal picture in the grounds of Tyrs House (Dr. Miroslav Tyrs founded the Sokols). The medicine-ball drill in the festival was strikingly effective, the girls being dressed in light-blue blouses, the balls being red and white



Three Young Falcons

The Sokol figures at the beginning of last year were 270,464 men, 119,032 women, 396,949 youths and maidens. The youth section (dorostovij odbor ČOS) is therefore the most numerous, and it is cheering to know that these boys and girls, trained in the high democratic ideals of the Sokol, will grow up alongside those of the Hitlerjugend and Balilla, nurtured on Martian milk. Right are sixteen unfledged Falcons off for a ride

Animal Portraits :

No. 6. Rivals of the Roost

No. 7. Like Mother, Like Daughter

"Bystander" Short Story, No. 148

Fables of Forgetfulness

By Milward Kennedy

No. 1. It Pays to Forget

Illustration by Holland

SOMETIMES it pays to forget things. Take the case of Fred Handlip: admittedly he is shut up in a lunatic asylum for the rest of his life, but most people in practice (as opposed to theory) would prefer that to the hangman's noose—and that is where Fred would have found his neck if he had not forgotten.

Oddly enough, his only worry to-day is that he cannot remember.

He was a bright fellow (it seems proper to use the past tense), but the kind of bright fellow that is liable to make mistakes and who, having made them, can never detect them for himself. He was like that when he was a boy—he would write a really brilliant set of Latin verses, with one ghastly howler in the middle. Masters would call him careless, but that, in his early days, was unfair: if he read his verses through a dozen times, he would still fail to spot the false quantity or whatever it was. Still, he managed to get away with it: his obvious brilliance won him one scholarship after another, and by degrees he began to think that it was not worth while to look for the howlers. It was just as well that he won scholarships, for his father was a younger son and very poor, and never let his family forget it: it was one of those households where there was a terrible row if an electric light in the hall was left on all night—even though the actual cost was not, in fact, more than, say, three-halfpence.

Fred inevitably became a schoolmaster (he was not sound enough for the Civil Service). He did not like schoolmastering, and felt aggrieved by his fate. His brilliance began to fade in the routine of teaching at a not-quite-first-rate public school; but he never forgot that he had been brilliant, and he always felt that if he could escape from the bread-and-butter routine, he could be brilliant again.

By degrees he came to feel a bitter hatred for his cousin, William, who had just the sort of income that Fred needed—enough to live on, in a quiet way. William was always good to his schoolmaster-cousin; his house was always open to him for the holidays. It was what is called a "converted cottage"; a wealth of old oak, electricity from the grid, main water, and a garden that was only a little too much for a four-day-a-week gardener. William did nothing; he was born to potter.

The day came when Fred decided that William was a social parasite; that day came some time after he had learnt that he himself was William's heir. The day also came when Fred worked out a plan for removing William from this world.

It was an extremely ingenious plan. First of all Fred started to create the illusion that William drank to excess. He used even to dig in the wilder corners of the garden, much to William's amusement: but the purpose of the digging was to fake "dumps" of empty bottles. He nagged at William till he laid in enough whisky to last him for a couple of years.

It was the Christmas holidays. Fred managed to get an invitation to spend Christmas itself with friends, instead of with William. He worked out a scheme whereby he could leave the cottage in the morning, come back secretly again after dark (a bicycle played an important part), and yet be able to catch a fast train to the place where he was to stay. There was inevitably an unexplained period of time: he relied upon a tale of

"Christmas shopping" to explain it if need be. He knew that too good an alibi might be dangerous—though he did not mean to be suspected at all.

So, after dark, knowing that the "daily woman" had the evening off, and knowing also that she had heard William grumbling gloomily about being left alone for Christmas ("Don't overdo it, old man," had been Fred's last words), he made his way back to the cottage: and with a billet of wood prepared for the purpose and subsequently put on the fire, he smashed in William's skull. He had made as many preparations as possible in advance, and the time was ample to complete his arrangements. The general idea was that William would be found to have fallen into a drunken slumber; and a log would have rolled out of the open grate and set fire to newspapers by William's chair; and thence the fire would have spread to the curtains, and so to the fabric of the cottage. The cottage was isolated; it could be well alight before the affair was discovered, and it would be hours before a fire-engine could arrive. By which time the oak beams on the ceiling above William's head would have fallen in, and the cause of his death would be obvious.

All this was to be achieved by a simple tampering with the electric-light circuit which lit the reading-lamp beside William's chair, and the laying of an old-fashioned fuse from the fault in the circuit to the newspapers which were to start the blaze. The spirits which William was supposed to drink so freely were to add fuel to the conflagration. Fred had made practical tests of this fire-raising device. He had satisfied himself that it would work—at any rate, as far as the newspapers. He had no doubt at all that the old curtains and the older cottage would burn like tinder.

So, quite at his leisure and well within his schedule, he rode away in the darkness to catch his train. At this stage things began to go wrong; it was foggy as well as dark. However, he caught his train by the skin of his teeth (the bicycle had been disposed of in a horse-pond), and settling himself in an empty compartment he reflected that the fog was an additional aid to his plans.

And then suddenly he remembered what it was that he had forgotten. And so appalled was he that it seemed the lesser of two evils to pull the communication-cord and so draw undesirable attention to himself.

There is an erroneous idea that the pulling of the cord automatically applies the brakes and stops the train; the effect is less direct, but it does result in an immediate slowing-down of the train—and it was thanks to Fred that what would have been an appalling accident was reduced to a comparatively small one. Still, three lives were lost when the express crashed into a local train standing in a station; several passengers also were injured, more or less seriously, and there were the inevitable cases of shock.

Fred's case was the worst. He had lost his memory, or partially lost it. He knew what he had planned to do to his cousin: he could not remember what he had left undone. It was this that turned him into a raving lunatic.

The plain truth is that his early training was too strong for him. When he left William's study, with William's corpse all prepared for the pyre, he had automatically switched off the centre light, and he omitted to switch on the reading-lamp. He is very childish now, they say; certainly he is unable, as ever, to detect his own howler. It worries him—but he is still alive.

THE END.

Formation Flying

By Charles Ward

THE first objective of the Long-Range Development Unit of the R.A.F. has been reached—a record flight was made in formation from England to the Persian Gulf and back to Egypt. The total distance covered in thirty-two hours non-stop was 4300 miles. Four Vickers "Wellesley" aircraft took part. It is intended that they should return to England shortly, after which preparations will be made for a still greater test of endurance—a flight, without landing, to Singapore. The reason for undertaking such journeys is to train pilots and crews in the technique of long-distance reinforcement, a duty which is of great importance in the defence of the Empire. Much depends on the efficiency of the aircraft as a lifting device and on the fuel economy of the engine. The "Wellesley" employs a patented system of construction called "geodetic." The engine is a Bristol "Pegasus" radial, a type also used for altitude flights and in commercial flying-boats. Formation flying of a kind familiar to the British public earned the loudest applause at Villacoublay when Gloster "Gladiators" performed tied-together drill before an enormous French audience. Our "Hurricanes" were not so spectacular, and, in fact, this type does not lend itself so readily to squadron drill as the older "Harts" or "Furies." Near the ground, their speed appears slow—nothing approaching 300 miles an hour "plus," which is the accredited performance at fighting altitude.

The Sport of Gliding

THE National Gliding and Soaring Contests, held at the London Club's ground at Dunstable, indicate that very considerable progress has been made since last year. There are many more people interested in the movement and more money is being spent in the design and construction of types suitable for cloud-soaring. Flight-Lieut. W. B. Murray and Mr. J. S. Sproule recaptured the duration record for two-seaters by remaining in the air for a little more than twenty-two hours. This flight was made in bad weather—clouds, a gusty wind and considerable rain interfered with visibility and the final stages were made at night. The first record in this class was also held by Flight-Lieut. Murray, in conjunction with Mr. T. S. Fox.

Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., who is Under-Secretary of State for Air, opened the Gliding Meeting at Dunstable by making the first flight. Only a fortnight previously, he tested a "Hurricane," which is the fastest single-seater in use by the R.A.F.

Flying for Women

THE National Women's Air Reserve held its first rally at Romford ten days ago, when an excellent show was put on by way of showing that this is a serious movement, destined to take its place with other voluntary efforts, for service in time of emergency. Lady Londonderry and Lady Shelmerdine are taking a keen interest in the Reserve and were present at the Rally. The chief instructor is Mrs. G. Patterson, who took her commercial licence six years ago and was the first woman to obtain the coveted distinction of an instructor's ticket. The event of the programme was a display of aerobatics in a "Tiger Moth" by Mrs. Winifred Crossley, who would be a star turn at any show of this kind. She qualified for her "B" licence last year, after touring as an aerobatic pilot with C. W. A. Scott's air circus in the previous season. Her job at the present day is with Air Publicity of Heston, for whom she tours England. Women who want details of the Air Reserve should write to the Secretary at Maylands Aerodrome, Romford. This site is the original operating centre where the late Edward Hillman built up his services to the coast and to Paris.

Observer-Gunners

THIS is a new category to be found in the schedule of trades and appointments which are open to young men who wish to join the R.A.F. The observer's job used to be performed by airmen or non-commissioned officers and was eagerly sought by those who were themselves skilled tradesmen, as it meant possible advancement to commissioned rank or the opportunity to learn piloting. Observers are now to be recruited direct from civil life, which is especially important for reconnaissance and Army Co-operation squadrons. The fighting equipment of the modern two-three-seater is enclosed in a power-operated turret, so that defence can be carried out without the disconcerting effect of the wind, which, in any case, is too strong to allow manual operation of a gun at speeds over 180 miles an hour. Additional training schools are being opened as rapidly as possible. The R.A.F. needs wireless operators, electricians, photographers, account clerks, car drivers, amongst many other highly specialised trades. Improved conditions of service and the introduction of airman pilots, except in Army Co-operation units, is announced for the Auxiliary Air Force. Volunteers will be considered from civil life and airmen already in the R.A.F. squadrons will be considered for the vacancies now being created. Observers generally, gunners and wireless operators are also needed. Financial conditions have been improved so that no one, officer or airman, need be involved in any personal expense in order to attend lectures, to fly or to go to camp.

A close-up of the "Gulfhawk," which is Major "Al" Williams' plane for touring Europe. In the States, this type is the fastest fighter operated from aircraft-carriers and cruisers

FINE OLD SILVER

The hall-marks on this 18th century tankard — now in the Victoria and Albert Museum — shew that it was made in London by William Shaw and William Priest in the year 1756-7.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Hurricanes and Prisons

By V. S. Pritchett

After nine years in the doldrums, Mr. Richard Hughes has once more raised a wind. But the hurricane which flattened out Jamaica in his earlier book is nothing to the appalling freak of meteorology which blows through *In Hazard* (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.). It drags a well-found cargo steamer broadside for a week across the Gulf of Mexico. And, as in his earlier book, one is left with one or two nice questions for the week's dinner-parties. I hear them already: "What about the apprentice who presents himself with the gold watch of the captain who has at last got to the rescue?" And can one's nerves quite stand the way Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, that dour engineer, is tipped casually overboard like an Aberdeen pebble, on an unwitting, undignified but quite definite meeting with his Maker when the storm is over? We have had the grand-opera storm, the rhetorical storm, Conrad's great introspective crises, and the ominous realism of Mr. James Hanley. They have all orchestrated the terror and courage of men. Mr. Hughes stands detached. He has revived our lost sense of wonder by turning to the scientific though none the less imaginative view. His hurricane is an affair of hot air, cold air, pressures and sea-levels. He splits it up into its component data, stage by stage, from the first freshening of the breeze. The Archimedes loses her funnel without anyone seeing it go. With steering jammed, furnaces dead, lights out, blinded and waterlogged, she lays over 40° and lurches on until the storm drops her. And as with Nature, so coolly and with what is perhaps the slightly affected simplicity one has in telling a story to a child, Mr. Hughes deals with the behaviour of engines, oil, steam and, finally, with men. The crew were courageous and heroic. Then what exactly, Mr. Hughes asked, does a heroic man do and think? What is fear like? Answer: Captain Edwards knows there is fear because the body in fear exhales a smell of ammonia. That is the Hughes touch. And after they have conquered, you see the cases in a state of reaction. Everything, the French say, has to be paid for, even virtue. Some cry, one steals, another drops overboard in sudden sleep; Rabb, the fair, square-jawed man, the perfect type of Hitler's Aryan myth, having disgraced himself by fear, thinks he is persecuted.

My general criticism of Mr. Hughes' method is that it puts a premium on the bizarre; and that in writing with childlike simplicity he takes on the simple cruelty of the child's-eye view. Against this—and here *In Hazard* is a big advance on the *High Wind in Jamaica*—must be put his success with the normal as well as the abnormal, his understanding of the seaman's moral world and his Roman conception of virtue; this is the true theme of the book. The only serious fault is that he has not known how to end the magnificent tale and it peters out inconclusively and frivolously on a Chinese stoker's nightmare.

After this, there is a descent to lower levels. *The Cradle of the North Wind* (Methuen; 8s. 6d.) gives a modest and likeable account of

Ker-Seymer

Richard Hughes

The author of "High Wind in Jamaica" has written what looks like being another best-seller. "In Hazard" is reviewed here. Mr. Hughes has spent most of the last ten years in a house in the citadel of Tangier. He also owns Laugharne Castle on the Carmarthenshire coast. His wife is Sir Thomas Bazley's sister, and he has a son and two daughters

Mr. A. S. T. Godfrey's adventures with the Oxford University Expedition which went to North East Land in 1935-36. This frozen island in the Arctic has a very bad record for wintering parties, but Mr. Godfrey, rather free with "splendid," "magnificent," "amazing" and "immense," and the stock expeditionary paragraphs, enjoyed himself. He is more revealing on the personal side than are most strong men who shoot seals, sit in the snow and grow beards.

M. René Belbenoit is an altogether harder case, and he, too, though once a criminal and a convict, had a courage comparable to that of Mr. Hughes' seamen. It was governed, not by virtue, but by a passion for liberty. Tenacity is the note of his character. *Dry Guillotine* (Cape; 12s. 6d.) is an exhaustive record of fifteen years' imprisonment in Guiana and the various French penal islands, popularly known as Devil's Island, and of five desperate attempts at escape, the last of which was successful. After fourteen days in a dug-out canoe in the open sea, he landed at Trinidad. Of the annual delivery of 700 convicts to Guiana, 400 die in the first year of semi-starvation and tropical disease; and the Commandant warns the new arrivals that not the wardens, but the jungle, the sea and their own companions make attempts at escape a certain failure. M. Belbenoit four times saw the truth of this; there was murder and even cannibalism on one of his flights. One is back in the brutal days of the buccaneers, and one's admiration grows—and it is not the usual procriminal sentimentality—for this frail, sick little man who has built up a will to resist the degradation around him, and a determination to pit his life against it. Since 1852 the French have sent forty-six thousand men to these colonies to live a life of literal nakedness, vice and crime; and from this very well-written narrative, which vividly describes the life, it is clear that the administration is corrupt, if not itself criminal, and that as a prison system it is both sadistic and wasteful. Passages in Gauguin's Journal on the state of French colonial government in Polynesia, come to mind, when one reads M. Belbenoit's chapters on Cayenne, where the free but exiled live; and it is astonishing that France, as a colonial Power and with its acute sensibility to the importance of cultural propaganda and influence, especially in South America, should still have done nothing to remove this plague spot.

Two new Pelicans make a timely appearance. Mr. Arnold Haskell has written a *Complete Guide to the Ballet*; and Mr. Herbert Read introduces Peter Thoene's *Modern German Art*. The French have dominated European painting for over two generations, and we remain ignorant of the German contribution. But those who have seen the exhibition at the Burlington Galleries must have noted, among the obviously derivative work, the individual and what Mr. Read calls the Gothic vein. This little book, with its excellent photographs, is indispensable to those who, packed, choked, suffocated and deafened at the private view last week, intend to see the pictures next time rather than the people.

Of the new novels, the following are the most interesting: *Love, Here is My Hat*, by William Saroyan (Faber; 7s. 6d.); *Young Man with a Horn*, by Dorothy Baker (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.); *Watch for the Morning*, by Geraint Goodwin (Cape; 8s. 6d.); and *Brighton Rock*, by Graham Greene (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.).

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

The mid-season collections have a disconcerting way of making us realise that summer is passing all too quickly, and that it will soon be time to think about autumn clothes. A dove-grey suit designed by Burberrys in the Haymarket is shown on the right. It is made of face-cloth, a material which is becoming increasingly fashionable. The jacket is shaped with seams down the back and flares slightly over the hips, while the skirt is straight and slim-fitting. Dyed fox in the same delicate shade is used for the luxurious collar. Another ensemble, this time in white face-cloth, is cut with a three-quarter-length swing-back coat lavishly trimmed with cuffs and a cape collar of black fox. The skirt is quite plain, and Burberrys suggest black accessories, including a glacé silk blouse, to complete the scheme. This firm, as we all know, specialise in every type of tailoring; they are experts on the subject of tweeds, and are showing some delightful models for Scotland

Further Outlook Cooler

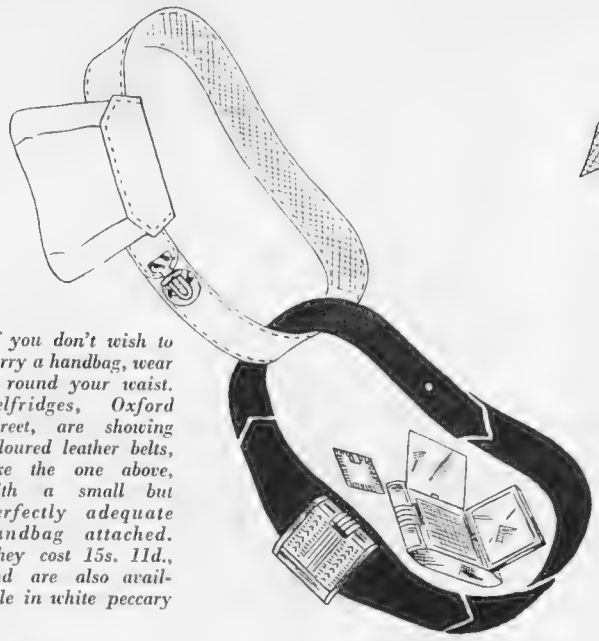
Those of us who have always longed for a mink coat are likely to see our dreams come true, as the price of mink this year has fallen beyond all expectations. The beautiful three-quarter-length coat on the left costs a hundred and fifteen guineas—a hundred less than it would have cost last year. It is made of the finest quality dark natural mink, and comes from the City Fur Store

Furs are always a sound investment, and now is the time to buy them, as many lovely coats and capes are being sold by the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, at reduced summer prices. Apart from the mink wrap above, which is perhaps the most outstanding bargain, there are Persian lamb coats from fifty-five guineas and others in Indian lamb from thirty-nine guineas. This firm, incidentally, have no shop window, but their showrooms are on the first floor. Furs will be sent on approval, in return for a banker's reference, and anyone who cannot pay a personal visit should write for their new illustrated catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free

Scott Bushe

It is a great mistake to count too much on fine weather and go away for a holiday without any warm clothes, as there are bound to be some cool days, particularly up North. A fine wool hopsack suit with a plain jacket and checked skirt is seen on the right, accompanied by a full-length top coat in a bold, colourful check. It is designed by Studd and Millington, of Conduit Street and Chancery Lane, and only costs ten guineas complete. This firm specialise in travel coats from seven guineas. Some are made of Scotch fleece coating, and others in wool cashmere with a velvety finish. They also make tweed suits for country wear in general from six guineas

THE BYSTANDER TWINS



If you don't wish to carry a handbag, wear it round your waist. Selfridges, Oxford Street, are showing coloured leather belts, like the one above, with a small but perfectly adequate handbag attached. They cost 15s. 11d., and are also available in white peccary

It is never wise to be without a powder-puff, as a shiny nose destroys all one's self-possession. Sketched above is a suède belt with a chromium flapjack attached. It is available in several colours, and costs only 8s. 11d. at Selfridges

This is not merely a canary cage but a perfectly good clock, and just the sort of thing that any child would love to have in the nursery. It costs 25s. at Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly, and contains a canary which bobs to and fro in time with the ticking

If your husband is a cricket enthusiast, give him the cigarette-holder below in the shape of a cricket bat. Dunhill's have it for 12s. 6d., together with the miniature pipe, which is also meant for cigarettes. You might choose the latter for yourself, as it is designed specially for women

If you pull the average dog by its tail, it will turn round and snap at you, but this one from Dunhill's is exceptionally good-natured, and expects you to jerk its tail every time you want a cigarette. It costs 65s., and has a long pedigree, we hope!

Even the most confirmed teetotaller will appreciate the idea of trimming a suit with small champagne bottles. These act instead of buttons and are obtainable in various colours. The coat sketched above shows how effective they can be

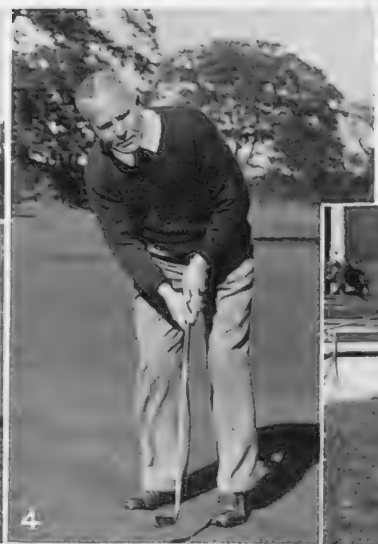
Your dog will be far more welcome as a visitor if he brings his own bedding. Special collapsible travelling beds, complete with cushion, are obtainable for £1 in the pets' accessories department at Selfridges. They fold up quite small and can be carried over the arm

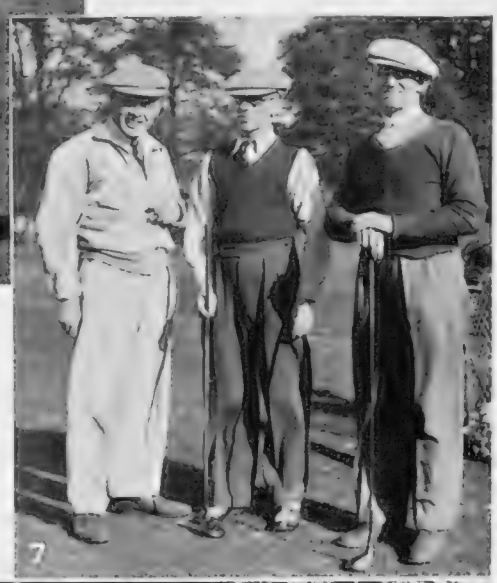
S. E. Houston, vice-captain

James M. Ritchie, C.B.E., captain

Golf Clubs at Home: Glasgow

The Glasgow Golf Club celebrated its 150th anniversary last October. The earliest course, where the feather ball was played, lay on the Laigh Green, not far from Glasgow Cross. Until 1835 the Club has consecutive records, but Glasgow golf was dormant throughout the 'forties, 'fifties and 'sixties. In 1870 it revived with a course at Queen's Park, moved to Alexandra Park in 1874, to Blackill in 1894, to Killermont in 1904, having acquired en route a seaside course at Gailes





(1) Alex Knight (secretary). (2) R. Scott, junior. (3) John M. Gilchrist (green convener). (4) Donald McDonald (council member). (5) Dan McBride. (6) W. Stevenson and David Mellis. (7) James T. Smith, R. H. Hunter, S. McAughey. (8) P. M. Dixon, John A. McIntosh, John Moore (ex-captain), D. C. Walker. (9) J. Campbell Smith, Dr. Stanley Smith, D. McDonald, Peter McDonald, G. Urie Scott, Peter Rourke

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Hurlingham were (New College), Blues and drew much William Waldorf Oxford won 8 — 4

***Golf** at Noordwyk for the Dutch Amateur Championship had an all-British final between Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, here driving, and Mr. I. J. Paine, watching him. Critchley beat Paine in the thirty-six holes final by 5 and 4 before a gallery which apparently was not embarrassing. Meanwhile, in the next-door country of Belgium, Cotton collected the Open title*

***Croquet** champion for 1938 is D. J. V. Hamilton-Miller (left), who beat R. Tingey, a gold and silver medallist, +20, +8 in the final. The tournament was played at Roehampton as the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club has no croquet lawn*

which will repay them for the cultivation of flight and spin.

For my part, I regard the movement for time-limitless Tests as definitely retrograde, though no doubt it suits those who have to think of cricket in terms of cash returns.

If we do arrive at the absurdity of time-limitless Tests in this country, we must resign ourselves to the fact that Test Match cricket will be degraded into a public spectacle which has very little relation to the real game, though it serves the useful purpose of keeping the county coffers partially supplied.

HAVING thus raised a lone voice in the wilderness, let me hasten to add that I never saw anything more refreshing than H. T. Bartlett's glorious innings of 175 not out for the Gentlemen against the Players last week. There was the sort of cricket we ought to encourage. But I doubt whether the drawn-out miseries of eternal Test Matches will ever provide it.

IT is difficult to talk of anything but cricket just now, though it is odd to think that Yugoslavia appear to be well on the way to winning the European Zone Competition of the Davis Cup for the first time.

They play Belgium this week in the semi-final and should win confidently enough; and next they will have to meet either France or Germany, and even then their chances will be good.

The Yugoslavs are reflecting very happily that Kukuljevic beat Donald Budge at Belgrade last week, though it was only an exhibition match. This is the first time Budge has lost in Europe for two years, and he must have found Kukuljevic's left-handed tactics very awkward. If Yugoslavia do come through the European Zone, they will have to meet Australia in America—and that may be rather too much for them. But, in the meanwhile, they have done exceedingly well.

***Lawn tennis** fans and others made an enthusiastic crowd to watch Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Ellis come out of Brompton Oratory after their wedding, and to see Miss Peggy Scriven as bridesmaid. Señorita Anita Lizana, the bride, had to obtain a special dispensation from Cardinal Hinsley to allow her, a Catholic of Chile, to marry her Scottish Protestant husband*

***Gentlemanly** play on the first day of Lord's top match of the year—Gentlemen v. Players—was exhibited by H. T. H. Bartlett, who finished 175 not out. Here he is landing one from P. Smith into the stand for six. Gentlemen won by 133 runs*

THE British Rugby team in South Africa, by the way, are doing very much better than we had dared to hope.

It was a considerable performance to beat Northern Transvaal last Wednesday and particularly encouraging to hear that they managed to hold the Transvaal forwards.

They have been unlucky with injuries, and it is especially unfortunate that F. J. Reynolds should be out of action. There is a suggestion that R. W. Shaw, of Scotland, should be sent out, and his presence would be an immense asset.

The team's record so far does remind us, however, that a touring team playing constantly together has great advantages over its opponents.

Associations' Tourney at Wentworth

By Eleanor E. Helme

After solitude in the Highlands it is almost bewildering to come back to the golf world near London. Things have happened with a rush, as it seems. Here are Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Phyllis Wade engaged respectively to Mr. John Morrison and Mr. Gardner, the Army Champion; here are Surrey very nearly beaten by Herts in the divisional final; here are 72 finalists in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* tournament, 27 in the Wakefield Trophy, all tuning up furiously to compete at Wentworth and Berkshire.

Here are entry forms all ready for intending entries in the Girls' Championship, to be played at Stoke Poges, September 6th, 7th and 8th; and Autumn Foursomes to be played at Ranelagh and Roehampton, October 4th to 7th.

And here, first and foremost, are 130 competitors, representing eight different associations, assembled for the annual Joint Associations Field Day at Wentworth. I suppose it is seeing a signpost to St. Ives which put the jingle into my mind about "each sack had a cat, each cat had a kit," for nothing else seemed to describe the results at Wentworth. Each Association had a scratch, each scratch had a net, each net had a bogey, and beyond that there were scratch and handicap in two divisions, and bogey all in one for everybody, whatever their Association, and, most important of all, a challenge trophy for the Association whose aggregate with seven cards under handicap should total the least. Do you wonder if a newly returned holiday-maker found it a trifle difficult to keep exact track of what was happening? As for the poor officials behind the table, each with their own flocks to shepherd, they may well have been worn out, though it was the hon. sec. of the Veterans, Mrs. Rabbidge, who seemed the freshest of them all.

This was a thoroughly exciting day. One of the first starters was Mrs. Peel, the Surrey-Scottish golfer. She was out in 37, which is par, she was home in 37, which is one more than par, and for six long hours that score was unbeaten for the scratch prize, as well as giving United Services a very useful send-off towards keeping hold of the challenge cup. She had played so well, tee-shots really dead at the tenth and seventeenth; such lovely putting, such refusal to be shaken by a crooked patch in the middle. Nobody touched it all morning, when some of the lower handicaps were busy with bogey on the centre course, though Mrs. Leonard Martin handed in a good 78.

Nor did early afternooners. Mrs. Garon came to loggerheads with too much heather and other natural obstructions; Miss Brenda Norris, out in 38, did not manage to improve on this coming in; Lady Alness only achieved 77; Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Cyril Gray—they all went out, and came in, and still 74 sat at the head of the list. And then, one of the last, there came in Miss Jacqueline Gordon, with a 73 gross.

This year has not been a very lucky one for her, least of all in the fact that she will be too old, by a matter only of a few days, to play in the Girls' Championship, but that 73 will set her off with fresh zest, for it really was a thoroughly high-class card. Going out in 36 was one better than par; twice coming home she seemed to imperil everything, at the sixteenth by putting an easy second into a prickly bush, and at the eighteenth by mishitting a short mashie. But she got out of the bush well—"bloody but unbowed" our Henley-ites would have called it—and she made amends for the crooked mashie with a good chip and the holing of a two-yard putt for her 4, and so was home in 37—round in 73, a really excellent performance. Miss Gordon always hits the ball a long way; that day she hit it really straight as well, and, most valuable of all, her putting was an asset, and not a liability.

Her fine score could not win the inter-association cup for the Girls: the United Services held on to it with a net total of 518 for seven scores, and Parliamentary were second, as they were last year, Legal third, Stage fourth, Girls fifth, Veterans sixth; insufficient returns from Medical and Vesta for these to be placed at all.

There was quite a remarkable 7-up from Mrs. Rivington in the bogey competition, and a 68 net from Miss M. G. Gage; in fact, golf was good all round. Better still was the sunshine, especially so, it seemed, after all the wet and cold which had been my lot up North for the last three weeks. One could have dispensed with the midges and clegs which buzzed and nipped at inopportune moments, but even they had to be forgiven for the sake of the warm sun. Not everybody was so ingenious as the competitor who made herself a head-dress of bracken to keep off the flies. Viewed at a distance, it was possible to imagine that somebody had come in their Ascot hat all of a sudden; the real purpose only disclosed itself to nearer inspection—and admiration.

And now let me sit down and send out notices to all clubs about the Girls' Championship. A bumper entry may be expected this year, for everybody will want to do their little bit towards getting the cup back into Great Britain again. Also, England will be making a desperate effort to beat Scotland. I wonder if either will succeed.

Miss Wade and Mr. Gardner

Michael Gardner, R.A.S.C., son of the late Major R. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner, of Bournemouth, and Phyllis Wade, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wade, also of Bournemouth, have announced an engagement that will be very popular in the golf world. Gardner has twice won the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and has been twice Army champion; his fiancée was English Ladies' champion in 1934 and runner-up in 1936. They have often played together in foursomes

The Annual Joint Associations' Women's Meeting at Wentworth

The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Anson (Parliamentary) was second in the first division bogey competition (centre course) with all square, and won her association's bogey prize; Mrs. E. S. Graham (Vesta) won hers, handicap and bogey

Mrs. Field and Miss Adrianne Allen (Mrs. Raymond Massey) entered from the Stage G.A. Mrs. Field won her association's scratch prize with 80

Mrs. P. Ellison was with Mrs. M. G. Gage, who won the first division handicap prize with 68. This also, of course, gained her the handicap prize for her association, the United Services, who defended successfully the inter-association cup

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

SPELL PLEASURE EVERYWHERE

The radio sahibs might "gong" you, but millions of smokers will know you're right in spelling 'pleasure' P.L.A.Y.E.R.S.—And remember there are two spellings—both correct—MEDIUM or MILD.

N.CC.441

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE Fourth Welsh Motor Rally starts to-day and is bigger and better than ever, having attracted the record entry of more than 150 cars. Although comparatively "young," such is the well-deserved popularity of this Welsh fixture that it is already an accepted national event.

Organised by the South Wales Automobile Club, the Rally has a road section which covers approximately 500 miles and passes through some of the most interesting Welsh scenery, including the famous Hirwain-Rhondda roads, often described as the nearest resemblance to Alpine roads in this country. This year only one driver need be carried, and there will be hill-tests each day during the road section; the first night's stop will be at the seaside resort of Porthcawl.

Competing cars will be divided into six classes: open and closed cars up to 10 h.p.; open and closed cars from 10 h.p. to 15 h.p.; open and closed cars over 15 h.p. The starting controls will be Cambridge, Cardiff, Chester, Harrogate, Leamington, London, Swansea and Torquay, and all cars must average 25 m.p.h., except for 20 miles per hour during the last few miles into the finishing control at Cardiff. The popular eliminating tests, which always draw large crowds, will be retained again this year, but the exact nature of the tests will not be made known until the time of the event.

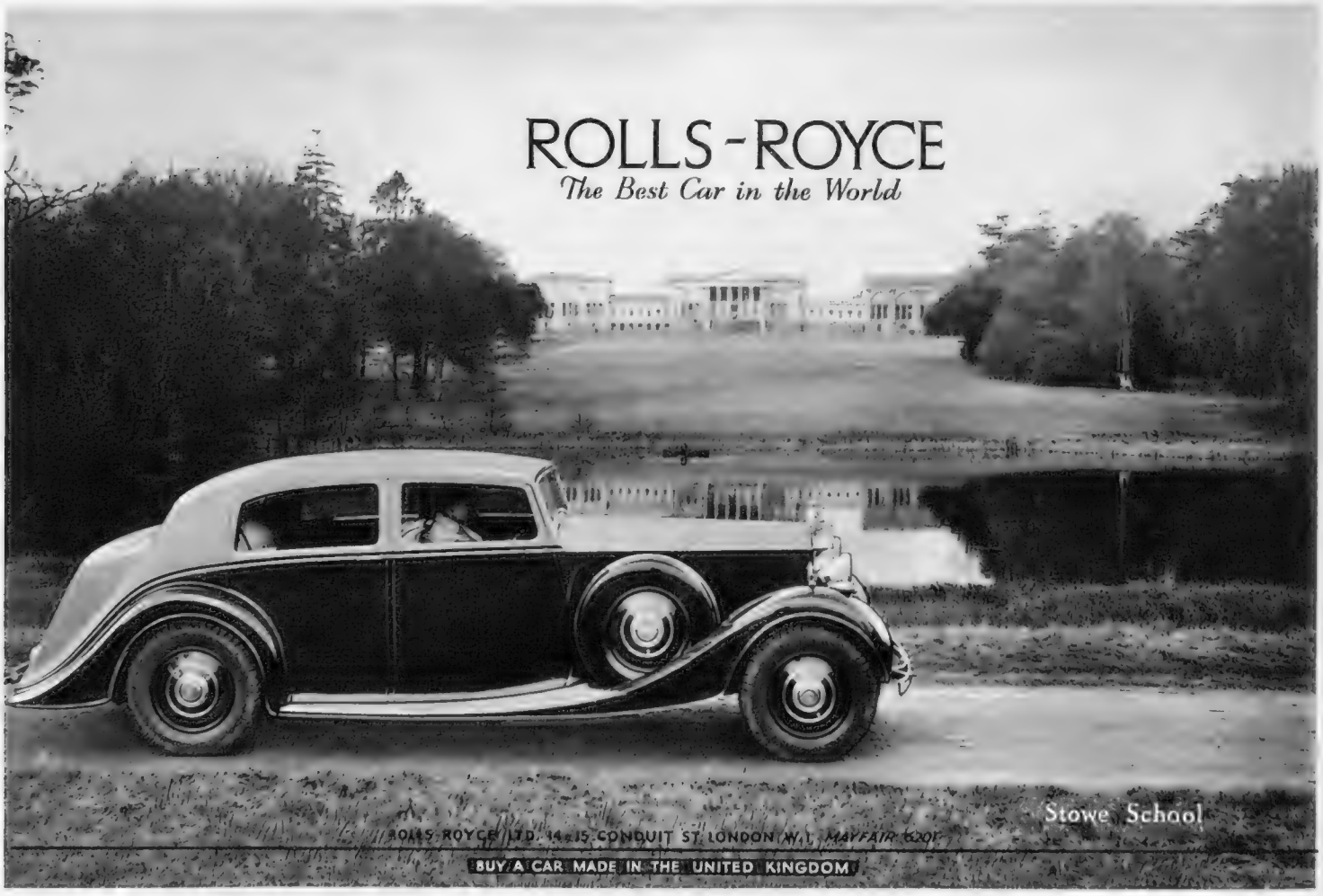
This year premier and secondary awards will be given in each class, and a total of nearly £400 worth of prizes will be allocated. As usual, an extensive programme of entertainment for competitors has been arranged, including a dance at Porthcawl at the end of the first day's run, a civic reception and tea-dance at Cardiff, the grand Rally Ball, and the presentation of the awards on the Saturday evening. As is usual in this type of event, a coachwork competition will form an important feature of the Rally and will be held in Cardiff on Saturday, in the evening of which day I am to broadcast an account of the Rally for the B.B.C. in the Regional News.

The car which I am taking through is the same open touring 3½-litre Jensen with which I competed in the Scottish Rally, and my starting-point is Chester.

SO far, the new International Grand Prix formula can hardly be described as an outstanding success. It was conceived as the result of conferences which considered and discussed the suggestions of all the nations affiliated to the A.I.A.C.R. Great Britain and Italy were the two principal agitators for the maximum weight system now in use, yet neither country has yet shown any inclination to face up to the German challenge. Not the least disturbed by this

(Concluded on page 122)

High speed: *at the J.C.C. members' meeting at Brooklands Michael Mays' new four-cylinder 12/70 Alvis tourer took a special award in the high-speed trials; with him here is "Lofty" England, recently "Bira's" head mechanic*



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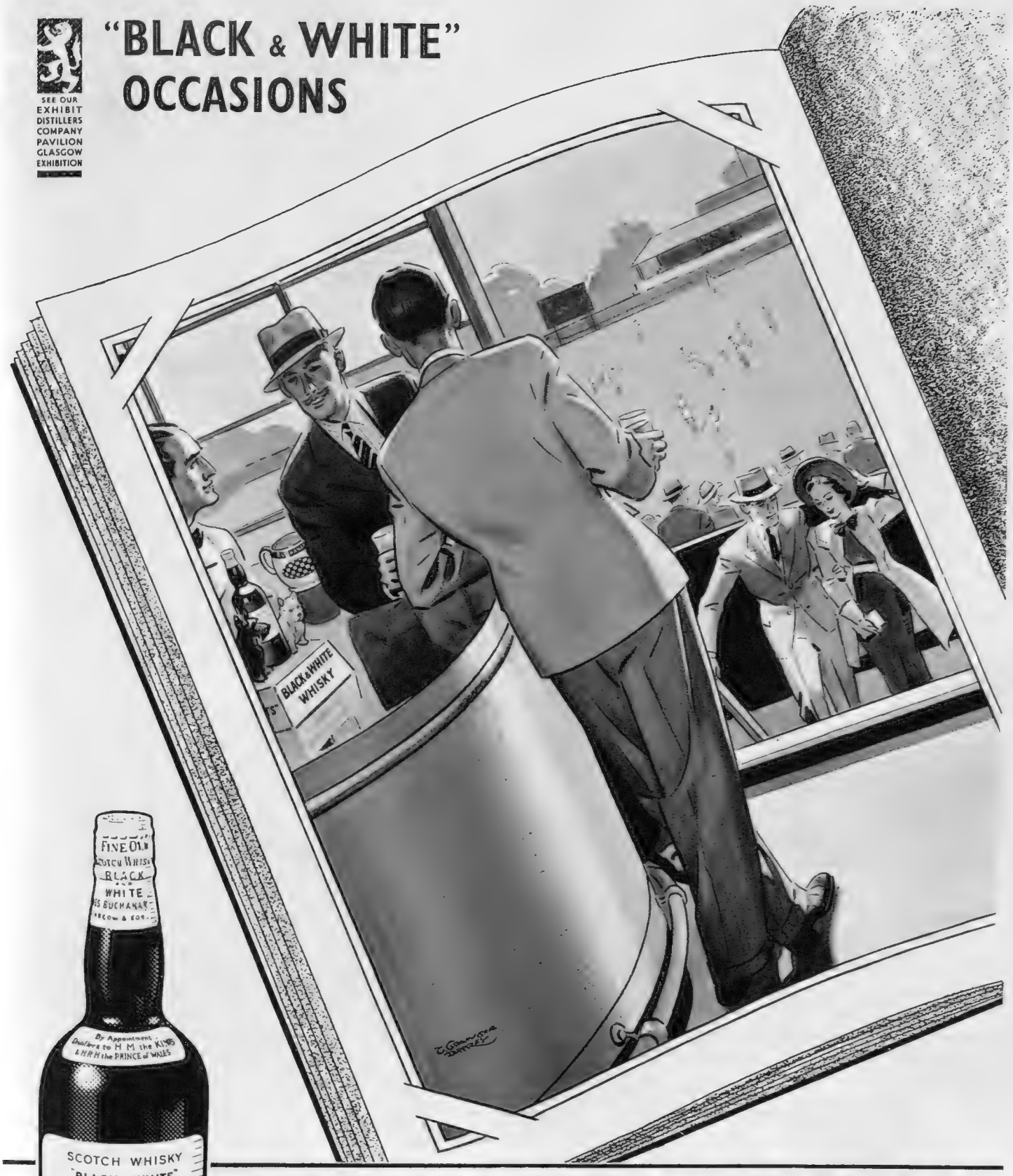

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BOOTH'S DRY

Always be particular and ask for BOOTH'S when you order a drink made with gin. It will satisfy you and do you good because it is the purest and highest-quality gin made. So just remember to say BOOTH'S when you order a gin drink and see that it's from the famous hexagon bottle.

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C.F.H.

Standard Motors' branch of the British Legion gained one of the twelve certificates of merit awarded for the Lord Haig Cup; they were entertained by Captain and Mrs. J. P. Black at a garden-party when Mrs. Black received a gold patroness badge

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page 120)*

state of affairs are the Germans themselves. Indeed, Major Hühnlein, who governs Germany's motor-racing, wrote to the International body after they had scored a virtual walk-over in the recent French Grand Prix. In this strongly-worded epistle, the German asks, "Where is the British and Italian challenge to German supremacy in Grand Prix racing?"

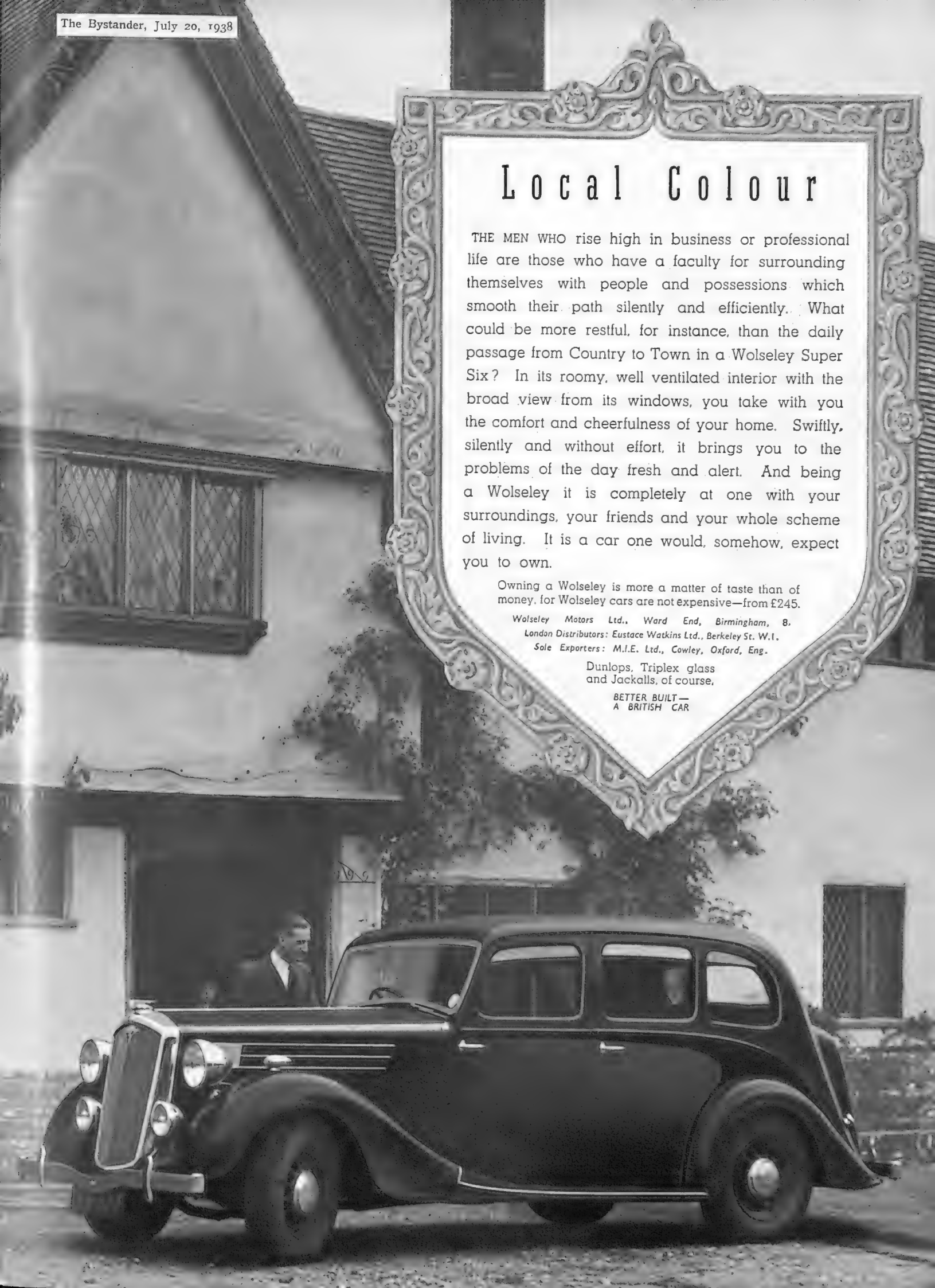
It may seem strange, at first glance, that Germany should be so anxious to meet challengers so long as she has absolutely everything her own way in the big-time racing field; yet I suspect that she argues to herself that without contenders to beat, German motor-racing supremacy will quickly grow to mean so little that the veritable fortune she has expended upon establishing herself in her present unassailable position will have been so much money wasted.

Last week I pleaded the cause of a National Grand Prix racing fund to form and run a team of British racing-cars. Without suggesting that Germany's plight might act as an incentive—for charity still, I believe, begins at home!—I would suggest simply that the Teutonic dilemma lends topicality to the whole idea.

THREE interesting and valuable books have lately come my way. The first is the Jubilee edition of the Dunlop *Guide to Britain*, which has a master-key to more than 2500 towns and villages, a 32-page atlas in colour, with mileages clearly shown, parking-places, lighting-up time-tables, first-aid hints, the Highway Code in full, and a wealth of other valuable information, and sells at the modest sum of five shillings.

The second volume is also by way of being a guide, but is rather more localised, dealing, as it does, exclusively with Scotland. This is the very beautifully-produced *A.A. Road Book of Scotland*—the third of the Automobile Association Road Books, and a companion to the popular volumes covering England and Wales, and Ireland—and it runs to more than 400 pages. It embodies all the information which a motorist is likely to require when visiting Scotland for business, holiday touring or sport. Its full-colour road-maps, on a scale of 12 miles to one inch, are clarity itself, and were immensely useful to me on the recent Scottish Rally. In conjunction with these excellent maps is a key-map linked with special itineraries covering 11,150 miles of road, making the selection of a route from one part of the country to another a matter of seconds. I can thoroughly recommend this book, not only for its utilitarian value but also for its most informative gazetteer section, dealing with the historic, scenic and other attractions of more than 800 cities, towns, villages and lochs. The price is 8s. 6d. to A.A. members.

The third of these new publications comes into a slightly different category and will fascinate the statistically-minded. It is the 1938 edition of *The Motor Industry of Great Britain*, published by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and sold by them at 5s. This book has been adopted throughout the world as the text-book for those interested in the progress of the United Kingdom motor industry. The new edition comprises 190 pages of charts and tables, illustrating the historical progress of the industry from its earliest days until December 1937. Of particular interest is a detailed article dealing with the life-history of the private car. No matter what you want to know about this country's motor industry and its allied interests, you will find the answer in the pages of this admirably understandable treatise.



Local Colour

THE MEN WHO rise high in business or professional life are those who have a faculty for surrounding themselves with people and possessions which smooth their path silently and efficiently. What could be more restful, for instance, than the daily passage from Country to Town in a Wolseley Super Six? In its roomy, well ventilated interior with the broad view from its windows, you take with you the comfort and cheerfulness of your home. Swiftly, silently and without effort, it brings you to the problems of the day fresh and alert. And being a Wolseley it is completely at one with your surroundings, your friends and your whole scheme of living. It is a car one would, somehow, expect you to own.

Owning a Wolseley is more a matter of taste than of money, for Wolseley cars are not expensive—from £245.

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8.
London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St. W.1.
Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.

Dunlops, Triplex glass
and Jackalls, of course.

BETTER BUILT—
A BRITISH CAR

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (20th Year)

HOLDER: LALLY VAGLIANO

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 7th, 8th and 9th. No Qualifying Round.

September 5th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 6th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 9th, 1938.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Tuesday, August 23rd, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1937 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 8th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 5th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1938, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY.

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at either of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
20th Year,
Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1938.

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Tuesday, August 23rd.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address.....

.....

Telephone No.....

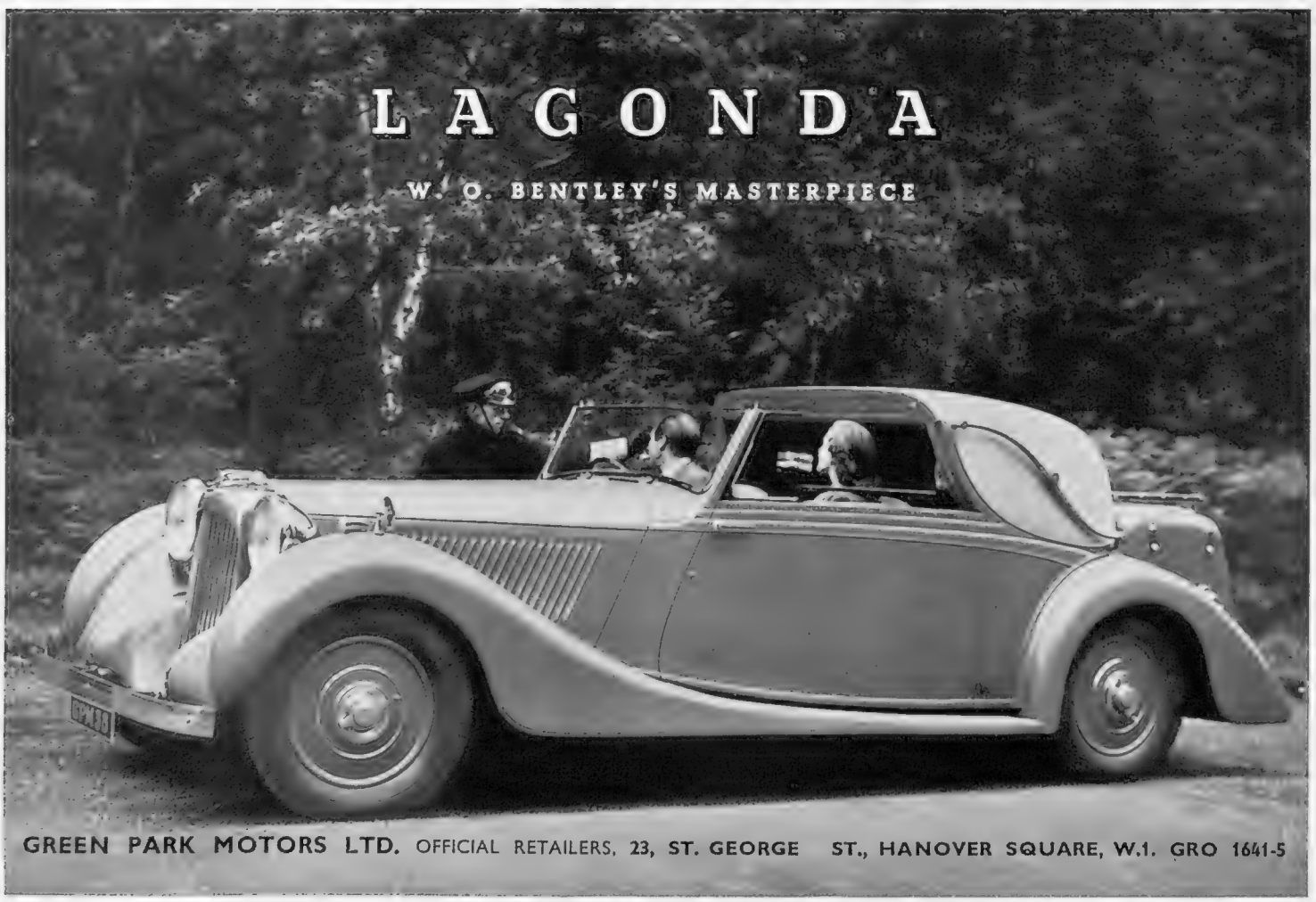
Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)*.....

{*and should like *but should not like} to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

Lagonda 12 cyl. Sedanca Coupé (11' w.b.) Coachwork by James Young Limited. £1,870.



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"CANADIAN CLUB" whisky

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MATURED TO PERFECTION

HIRAM WALKER & SONS LTD., 170-3 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1, *Distillery*, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada. Est. 1858.

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LONDON-PRAGUE in 5 hours only by K.L.M.-C.L.S. AIR LINES

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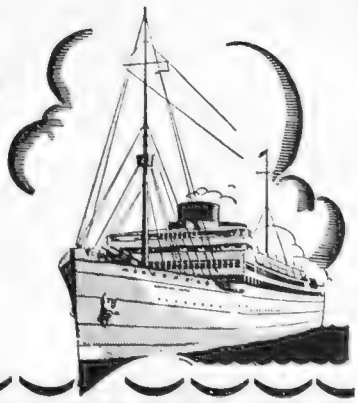
it is

PLUS A LITTLE SOMETHING

£1:13:9

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE BYSTANDER every week—full of news and exciting pictures of home. For the modest sum above, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting.



Just write to THE PUBLISHER, THE BYSTANDER, 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

This simple coiffure, designed by André Hugo, is ideal for a débutante, and very becoming to an older woman. The hair across the back is waved and lightly curled round the nape of the neck, while the front is dressed in separate, rather loose curls, which soften the forehead. A backward sweep, showing the ears, adds a sophisticated note to this delightful coiffure which is so easy to manage

Modern Aids to Beauty

Vary Your Headline

THE saying that a woman's hair is her crowning glory is an old one, but it remains as true as ever. Variety is the keynote of hairdressing to-day, and every smart woman makes a point of changing her coiffure at least every few months, if not more often. In doing this, however, she consults an expert such as André Hugo, 178, Sloane Street, who can tell at a glance the sort of hair style she should adopt. He is most insistent that extravagant dressings are only for the chosen few, and that it is far better to look pretty than merely smart. The general trend at the moment is to brush the hair off the face and show the tips of the ears. This gives a soft line to the cheek and is far more youthful than drawing the hair forward. The revival of Edwardian fashions has brought about a new upward movement which is delightful on anyone with perfect features, a swan-like neck and lovely shoulders. The hair at the back is brushed right up and piled high in loose curls on the crown of the head. Another becoming style is for the hair to be parted in the middle and curled upwards from the brow, giving a fawn-like effect which is very suited to the elfin type of face.

Your Head in Your Hands

A SUCCESSFUL permanent wave is essential to anyone with straight hair, and Hugo's specialise in two systems, one wireless and the other steam. Special point-winding is given for curls, and every wave is undertaken by expert assistants who take a personal and individual interest. This firm are also experts in creating transformations for women whose hair is beginning to grow thin. In these every hair is carefully selected for texture and colour, so that when the work is completed it is quite impossible to detect whether a woman's locks are her own or not. Bunches of curls which can be pinned on over the wearer's own hair are also available; they are not only very attractive but quite invaluable in the last stages of a permanent wave. Normally speaking, a woman's hair should shine with life and vitality, but it so easily gets out of condition, particularly in cases of ill-health. Frequent washing, however, and feeding with a specially prescribed tonic will help to preserve its natural lustre, while if it is excessively dry Hugo's recommend special oil-massage treatments. They also have a tonic for removing dandruff and generally reconditioning the hair. This is called "Aqua Bella," and is from 8s. 6d.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(17th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938.

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938. **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address .....

..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address .....

..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 20—July 26

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI.—Maurice Schwartz and the Yiddish Art Theatre play a New York Jewish success: Phœnix, 8.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's new play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by the all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—The Capek brothers' charming satire on human weakness is now at the Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Cecil Parker and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LYSISTRATA.—Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale head the cast in Aristophanes' anti-war comedy: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre. Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15.

MARITZA.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Losseff, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO SKY SO BLUE.—Geneva and the League is the background for this tuneful musical, with Gertrude Niesen, Lea Seidl, Cyril Raymond and Steve Geray: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 107.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Meeting Constituents

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Collins held a garden-party at Wexham Park recently for the Hon. John Strutt, prospective Conservative candidate for South Bucks. Here he is greeting host and hostess: Mrs. Strutt is on the right

LITTLE STRANGER.—Excellent light comedy of the family model; June Clyde brings dissension into the peaceful family of which Henry Hewitt, Agnes Lauchlan and Robert Eddison are members: Royalty, 8.40. Wed., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

CINEMAS

L'ALIBI (French).—An ordinary story is made to shine by polished direction, dialogue and acting; von Stroheim, Jouvet, Préjean: Studio One.

THE DRUM (British).—Sabu and the British Army on the North-West Frontier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER (American).—A story of cosmopolitan intrigue, with Loretta Young, C. Aubrey Smith, David Niven: Regal.

FRANKENSTEIN and THE INVISIBLE MAN (American; revivals).—Two classics of mystery and pseudo-scientific terror: Leicester Square.

FROU-FROU (American).—An emotional field-day for Luise Rainer as a Creole girl, with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young; magnolias and the Mississippi: Empire.

THE GHOST GOES WEST and CATHERINE THE GREAT (British; revivals).—René Clair's satire with Robert Donat; and Bergner and Fairbanks Junior in a cooked bit of Russian history: Odeon.

L'HOMME DU JOUR (French).—Maurice Chevalier, Elvire Popesco, Josette Day in a thin satire on newspaper stunts: Berkeley.

MONKEY BUSINESS and TROUBLE IN PARADISE (American; revivals).—The Marx Brothers; and Lubitsch's sophisticate, with Marshall and Miriam Hopkins: Carlton.

ORAGE (French).—Allegret directed this film of a Bernstein emotional story; Charles Boyer and Michèle Morgan are the players: Curzon.

PROFESSOR, BEWARE! (American).—Harold Lloyd's latest, with a new leading lady, Phyllis Welsh: Plaza.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu; also *Farewell Again*: Academy.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (American).—Edward G. Robinson and a hilarious gang of crooks bring Damon Runyon characters to the screen: Dominion.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS (British; revival).—Hitchcock's thriller from Buchan's novel, with Donat and Madeleine Carroll: Leicester Square.

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OPERA and BALLET

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CARNAVAL, FRANCESCA, PROTÉE, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE.—To-night, 20th, 8.45.

LES PAPILLONS, COQ D'OR, DANSES POLOVSTIENNES.—Thurs., 21st, 2.30.

LAC DES CYGNES, CENDRILLON, CHOREARTIUM.—Thurs., 21st, 8.45.

JEUX D'ENFANTS, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, PROTÉE, SCUOLA DI BALLO.—Fri., 22nd, 8.45.

100 BAISERS, CENDRILLON, SCUOLA DI BALLO.—Sat., 23rd, 2.30.

COTILLON, PETROUCHKA, AURORE.—Sat., 23rd, 8.45.

RUSSIAN BALLET AT DRURY LANE:

LES ELFS, DON JUAN, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—To-day, 20th, 2.45.

LES ELFS, SEVENTH SYMPHONY, BEAU DANUBE.—To-night, 20th, 8.45.

NOBILISSIMA VISIONE, SEVENTH SYMPHONY.—Thurs., 21st, 8.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, NOBILISSIMA VISIONE, SEVENTH SYMPHONY.—Fri., 22nd, 8.45.

CARNAVAL, LES ELEMENTS, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, DANSES POLOVSTIENNES.—Sat., 23rd, 2.45.

LES SYLPHIDES, TRICORNE, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—Sat., 23rd, 8.45.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Robertson — Moorhouse

Laurence Neil Robertson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Robertson, of the Old Rectory, Little Bookham, Surrey, and Pamela Moorhouse, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. S. Moorhouse and Mrs. Douglas Godfree, of 32, Ormonde Gate, S.W.3, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Baker — Heron-Maxwell

Anthony Sancroft Baker, of 4, West Halkin Street, S.W.1, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sancroft Baker, of East Tytherton, Chippenham, Wilts., married Jean Norah Heron-Maxwell, daughter of the late Sir Ivor Heron-Maxwell and Lady Heron-Maxwell, of 6, Palace Gardens Terrace, W., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Constantine Griva-Gardikioti and Veronica Calvocoressi, daughter of Pandia Calvocoressi, of 23, Hyde Park Gdns., W.2, were married at the Greek Church, Moscow St. He is the son of Gen. and Mrs. Griva-Gardikioti, of Athens

Griva-Gardikioti — Calvocoressi

Edward Noel Evans and Audrey Mary Leathers were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Evans, of Draconia, Surbiton, Surrey, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Leathers, of 3, Cleveland Row, St. James's, S.W.1.

Whitworth-Jones — Low

Henry Lewis Whitworth-Jones, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Whitworth-Jones, of Hill House, Fleet, Hants., and Gwen Mary Patience Low, daughter of Colonel Stewart Low, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Shelley, of 12, Priory Grove, S.W.10, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Evans—Leathers Fayer of Vienna

Stanton — Locock

The Bishop of Colchester officiated at the St. Peter's, Eaton Square, wedding between John Wyndham Stanton and Rosemary Esther Locock. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stanton, of Field Place, Stroud, Glos.; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Locock, of 11, The Vale, Chelsea

Turner — Honer

Harold Turner and Mary Honer were married at St. Andrew's Church, Hampstead. She is a ballerina and he is a first dancer of the Vic-Wells Ballet. Her dress was designed by William Chappell, who is also a Vic-Wells dancer and designer of décor

Hudson — Taylor

Richard Disney Hudson, only son of the late Charles Hudson and Mrs. Hudson, of the Old Bank House, Northallerton, and Irene Joan Taylor, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Taylor, of Hawkhills, Chapel Allerton, Yorks., were married at St. James's, Piccadilly

De Willermin — Wilson

Baron De Willermin married Pamela Wilson at the Church of her home town, Edgbaston, Birmingham. She is the only daughter of Colonel E. A. Wilson, M.C., T.D., D.L., and Mrs. Wilson, of Farquhar Road, Edgbaston. Canon Blofeld officiated

Sherwin — Rooney

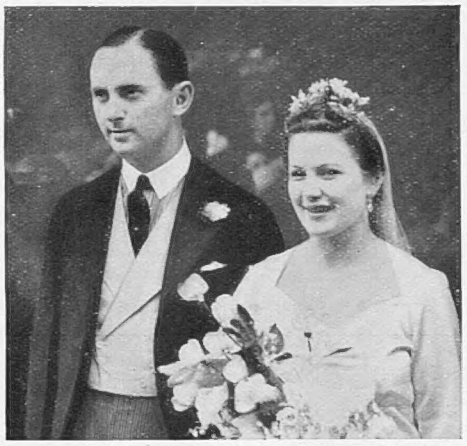
At the Oratory, Brompton, Michael Sherwin, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherwin, of Oakwood Court, Kensington, married Audrey Rooney, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rooney, of Rustwood, Surbiton

Langston — Head

Flt.-Lt. Stephen Patrick Langston, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Langston, of Burley, Hants., married Jean Vera Head, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Head, of Iverna Court, Kensington

Blowers — McIntyre

It was a naval wedding at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, between Paymaster Lt.-Cmdr. Arthur Francis Blowers and Margaret Guest McIntyre. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McIntyre, of Elmside, Fernleigh Road, Plymouth



Barnett — Cumming

Oliver Charles Barnett and Ina Mary Cumming were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. He is the son of the late Charles Barnett, of Vine Cottage, Streatley, Berks., and she is the daughter of the late C. Malcolm Cumming and Mrs. Cumming, of Lydwicke, Slinfold, Sussex

Rowe — Curgenven

Captain Herbert H. K. Rowe, Royal Tank Corps, son of the late Alfred Rowe, of Texas, and Mrs. Rowe, of Glandwr Hall, Barmouth, Wales, and Angela E. M. Curgenven, daughter of the late Captain Curgenven and Mrs. Curgenven, of Thatch Cottage, Headley, Hants., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Dumbell — Trinder

David Henry Dumbell, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Dumbell and Mrs. Dumbell, of The Cairns, Petworth, Sussex, and Biddy Trinder, only child of Mr. and Mrs. O. Bruce Trinder, of Littleton, Reigate Heath, Surrey, were married at Reigate

Gray — Bradfer-Lawrence

Peter George Julian Gray and Bridget Evelyn Bradfer-Lawrence were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of G. W. Gray, of the Manor House, Galhampton, Somerset, and the late Mrs. Gray, and she is the daughter of H. L. Bradfer-Lawrence, of Grantley Grange, Ripon, Yorks., and the late Mrs. Bradfer-Lawrence

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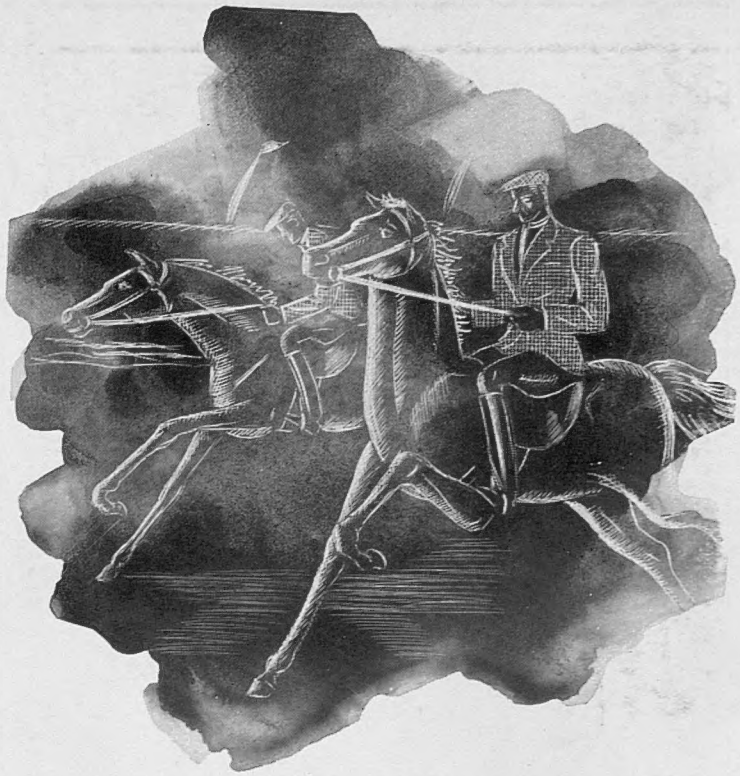

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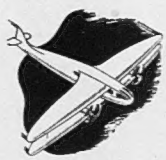

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